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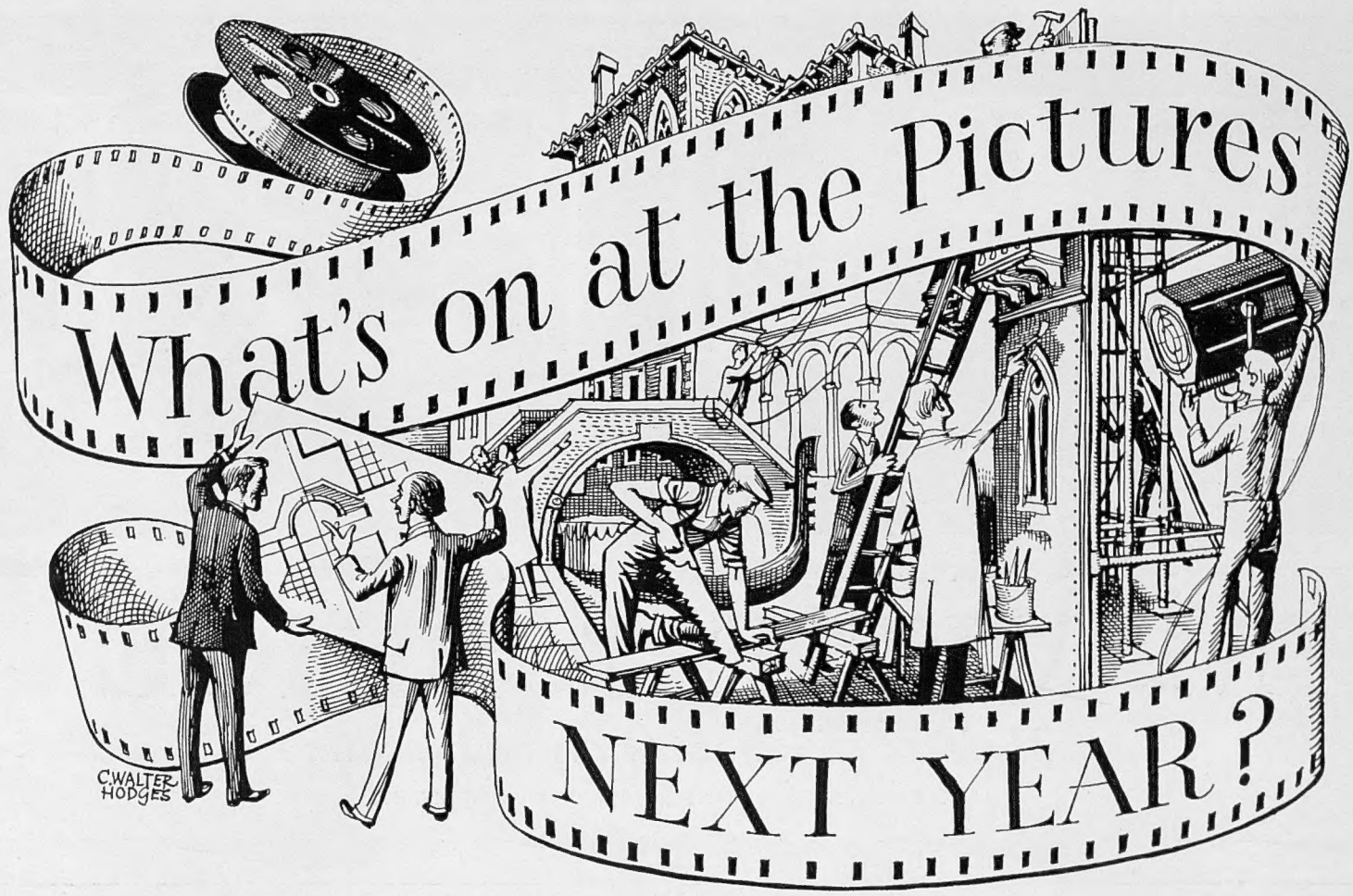

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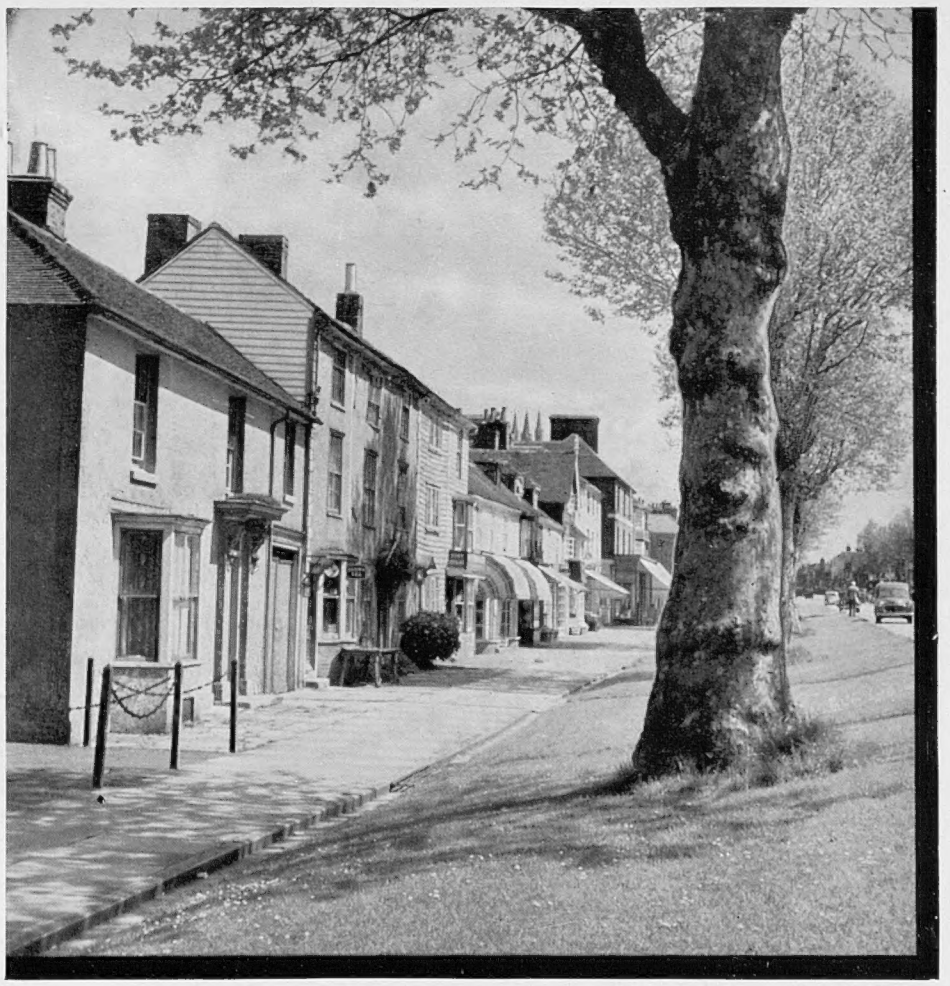

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Volume CCXXII No. 2901

The SPHERE, London, September 17, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A TEST OF SOVIET GOODWILL—THE GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR IS GREETED BY THE SOVIET PREMIER ON HIS ARRIVAL IN MOSCOW FOR THE CONVERSATIONS: Dr. Konrad Adenauer, left, and Marshal Bulganin stand to attention at Moscow Airport during the playing of the National Anthems. In the centre is the German interpreter and, behind, the Commander of the Moscow Garrison, Major-General Kolesnikov. The conversations between the West German and Soviet leaders which began last week were regarded as a test of the sincerity of Russia's more co-operative attitude in the period which has followed the Geneva Conference.

It was no little personal triumph for Dr. Adenauer that he should have been invited to Moscow at all. It was a tribute to his policy over the past few years that, for example, no East German representatives should have been asked to join the talks. But beyond that, the German-Soviet talks which began in Moscow last week were regarded as the first genuine proving-ground of the more co-operative atmosphere which has been abroad since the Geneva Conference in July. The original Soviet invitation to Dr. Adenauer stated that the discussions should centre on the re-establishment of normal diplomatic and trade relations between the two countries. Dr. Adenauer insisted that the question of German reunification and of German prisoners in Russia must be part of these discussions. From the outset of the conversations it was obvious that neither side had changed its attitude. Furthermore, the Russians declared that no talks on German prisoners were possible unless the East German Government was represented. In any case, they added ingenuously, there were no prisoners left in Russia: only war criminals. (Further pictures from Moscow on page 414.)

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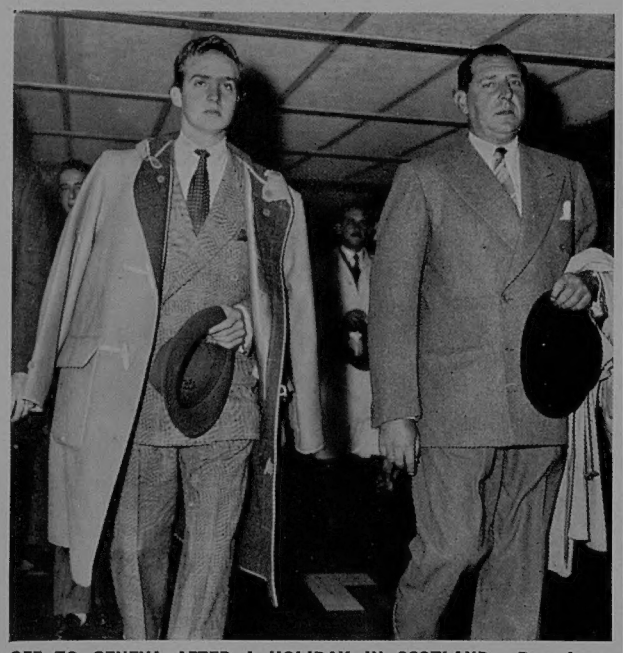
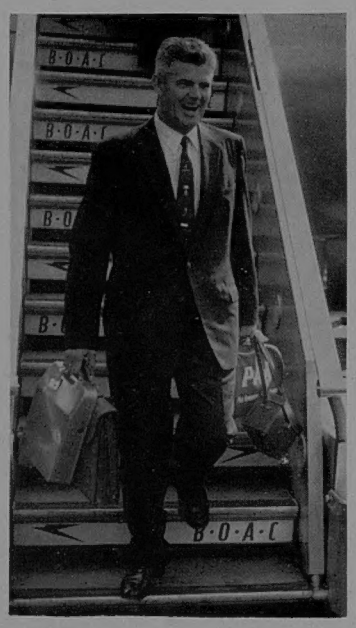
VISITORS IN BRITAIN

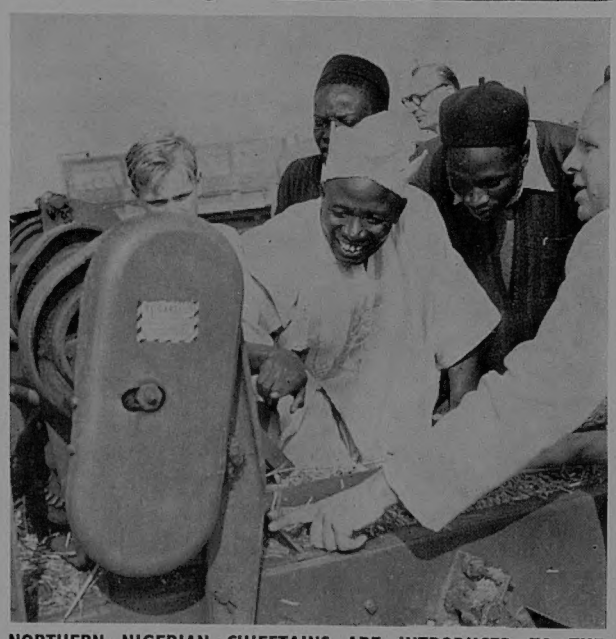


OFF TO GENEVA AFTER A HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND : Don Juan (right), Pretender to the Spanish Throne, and his seventeen-year-old son, Prince Don Juan Carlos, are seen leaving London Airport en route to Switzerland. During their stay in Scotland they went shooting over the moors.

On right—

A COMMONWEALTH PREMIER VISITS BRITAIN : Arriving at London Airport from New York is Mr. R. S. Garfield Todd, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It was his second visit to this country since his election as Prime Minister in August 1953. Last year he was here with his wife. During his recent stay (he arranged to return to Rhodesia via Accra on Wednesday) Mr. Garfield Todd visited the Farnborough Air Show. In America he attended the centennial celebrations of the Butler University, where he received an honorary degree.





NORTHERN NIGERIAN CHIEFTAINS ARE INTRODUCED TO THE MARVELS OF MODERN FARMING : The chiefs are examining a straw-baler at the Springdale farm of Mr. G. C. Spencer (on extreme right), at Rudston, near Bridlington, Yorkshire. The straw-baler had just finished following a combine harvester at work in a field of oats. The party of Chieftains spent a week in Yorkshire in order to study modern agricultural and farming methods.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Southport.—So long as there exists a single industry to increase its dividend to shareholders or to distribute reserves in bonus shares, so long as the gossip-writers can publicise a single "capitalist," living on his capital, delighting to splash money about in £2,000 birthday parties or yachting trips, I doubt whether the most hopeful issues from the debates at Southport matter very much. The T.U.C. leaders themselves were heavily committed to further wage increases and shorter hours involving millions of workers in various industries. The General Council, as a body, showed concern at the present alleged inflation, the ever-rising cost of living, the bad state of our balance of payments and reserves, and, indeed, proposed to set up a committee to investigate the seriousness of these "rumours"; but even if they regain a bare mandate to intervene at an earlier stage in major strike threats, even if they secure a Court of Appeal to review arbitration awards and the passage of a resolution enjoining *some* restraint in wage claims, it can profit them or the nation little enough. The strikes will sporadically continue, the wage demands will go merrily on, so long as the *idée fixe* remains among groups of workers that prosperity in an industry here or there is proof positive that the national cake is still large and rich and quite capable of cutting up generously. In short, that redistribution of wealth is still in its infancy, and that harder work, discipline and restraint are not yet the urgent need and *sine qua non,* if our national economy (and all it stands for) is to be saved. The first important resolution passed aimed to improve the lot of professional footballers. Meanwhile, Mr. Gaitskell, the Treasurer, had an extraneous task—to raise from the Unions a higher contribution towards the Labour Party's fighting fund to push the Tories out. It should be possible to secure his £70,000 a year increase. The workers in the big unions over the past years have gained for themselves the means to contribute a little more to enable their unions to spare a little more to party funds to get those Tories out. And who has found that money? You and I and the rest of the taxpayers, who may ourselves be Tories or Liberals, directly and indirectly in taxes and higher prices for the goods and services we require. And you and I are not so sure that one swallow makes a summer of prosperity, one raised dividend, one publicised plutocrat. On the contrary, we hold a sombre view of the size of the national cake.

One Man's Meat.—And now, until Easter—a long time on—I suppose the news of chief interest and urgency in the hearts of perhaps a majority of our nation will be the results of League football. Not the balance of payments, not the export figures, not the approach to international peace or the suppression of border incidents and nationalistic insurrection, not even the cost of living. But news of "muddied oafs." What selfishness to deplore it, what cheek to resent it! We must have our recreations; we must snatch our hope and our fun where the chance offers. And did I not daily during this summer turn first to the news of the deeds of "flannelled fools" at Trent Bridge, the Oval, and what not, and of the progress of Sussex C.C.C.? How, then, can I justly grouse that, before I get news of cricket in Pakistan this winter, I must listen to a long catalogue of League Division results in England and Scotland on my buzz-box? Come, don't be so selfish, and don't try any of that highbrow, intellectual stuff. Life is long or short, according as you look at it from day to day in this mood or that. Art may be long, but the art of being cheerful these days is not. Why not find cheerfulness, if you can, in an innocent (if somewhat commercial) game and butter no parsnips and waste no time with catalogues of innocents murdered and rebels killed in Africa and Gaza, of contracting markets, rising prices, soaring wage claims, and record flights to the moon and New York? There may be something coming to you quite soon from the football season (remember Mr. Mirtle, of Nairn). The Sphinx can only offer you a long-term bonus from the serious news. And, beyond putting in an extra half-hour or so a day of work, there is nothing much you can do to hasten that bonus. Meanwhile, a gloomy winter has to be lived out with what comfort one can snatch.

Arms Control Observation.—When Eisenhower released his proposal at Geneva for an exchange of blue-prints of military establishments between his country and Russia, the novelty and forthrightness of the suggestion disarmed criticism while it created a sensation. It was an idea too big for dissection, too far in the future for examining in detail. Nevertheless, the U.S. has been patiently blocking in details which might make the plan workable, and Mr. Stassen sketched out some tentative ideas before the U.N. Disarmament Sub-Committee. Ground observers are common ground and need offer no impossible difficulty if the idea received mutual acceptance. Aerial reconnaissance of "installations"—and these presumably would include the most remote and secret factories of secret weapons—would present a much more difficult problem. Each country would use its own aircraft and equipment to inspect the other country "on an unrestricted but monitored basis." Liaison staff of the country being inspected would travel on each aircraft. Picture the scene as an inspecting aircraft quartered a desert in America or a wild steppe in Siberia—the observers wondering if they were getting hot, the liaison officers beginning to feel very hot under the collar and suggesting a return to base for luncheon. It is all very much in the future. Nevertheless, it is proof of sincerity and goodwill that Mr. Stassen is working on a blue-print, and even if at present that blue-print is a blue-print of a bluff or a remote ideal, it seems to mark a step forward from an eternal position of *non-possumus.* It weakens the *idée fixe* in Moscow that America is preparing for aggressive war.

Losing a Market.—For three years British exports to Canada have been falling. Canadians bring the usual charges. We don't try hard enough to supply the goods they want exactly to their liking. Our cars don't suit their roads, and the more expensive take too long to deliver; or our clothes have a too English look. Critics in Britain say we prefer nearer markets, not least the easier home market; that we don't advertise enough, or press our products urgently enough overseas. No doubt the Americans have a better opportunity, apart from more shrewd salesmanship, of getting their products bought in Canada. Near the borders many Canadians shop in America and bring their purchases across. And "the language of the mart" is the same language in the U.S. and Canada, though the English tongue is common to all of us. That Canada is a God-sent market for our goods, and one which must never be underrated, is by no means a truism among the Empire-minded only. It is plain common sense that we should recommend our products in a country ever more prosperous and with vast untapped resources. Nor can we base our failure on distance, or on language or fashion and custom differences. German trading is doing very well in Canada, while ours is decreasing. Is it possible that we are still indifferent to the warning given in the reign of Edward VII by the Duke of Cornwall (George V), on his return from his first Empire tour: "England must wake up, if she wants to keep her markets."

Up and Up.—One thing no Government can do is to halt the rise in the cost of living. Up to now Governments have hardly begun to try. Governments have so little real power. We spend a great proportion of our national income on defence, and only lately have we begun to hope that a third world war may not, after all, be just round the corner.

A ROYAL OCCASION AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

THE KILTED ROYAL CHILDREN ACCOMPANY THEIR PARENTS TO THE GAMES FOR THE FIRST TIME: The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and Princess Anne at Deeside's famous gathering, which this year was attended by about 20,000 people. Members of the Royal party, who also included the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, stayed at the Games for two hours. **(See also pages 410-11.)**

Perhaps the Government is encouraged by the promises of the Iron Curtain bloc to reduce armed forces. Perhaps a promised review of Navy organisation may result in a minor economy as well as greater efficiency. Perhaps the length of National Service will now be cut. If so, it will be a first serious effort to reduce national spending in the Military and Civil Services. At the moment, in default of means of economising, coal (or its shortage) is the chief cause of the up-and-up in commodity prices. Coal becomes harder and harder to win, and it is no job for a Government to ordain that foreigners, ready to try, shall help to win it. Coal is in such demand that the price of it soars, and, accordingly, all the products based on coal-burning for ever rise. Gas and electricity, of course. And now such oddments as whisky and sausages and cars and electric fires. It is perhaps a measure of our luxurious standards to read that whisky is "an item which affects the spending in millions of homes." Outside those "millions," there are still homes which manage to drag out a primitive kind of existence without whisky. Mine, for one, though how we manage it, God knows. Sausages, no doubt, will hit me harder below the belt, though they are not my favourite dish. As for cars, no doubt they are useful things (I have a fairly new one, with a probable life of usefulness until 1959). But whether whisky and cars and sausages are essentials for millions of homes, or one or two of them, there is a number of items in every man's domestic budget which will go on soaring until expenditure on defence is cut by a third and nuclear power comes in to cheapen the cost of coal—and sausages. And until we decide to work harder to increase our exports.

Keats and His Inspirations.—A year or two back I was deeply interested to learn of the help and inspiration afforded to Keats in his imagery in his "Eve of St. Agnes" by the old window in the chapel at Stansted Park, Rowlands Castle. This undoubted fact became clear for all to see and fell into its place in Keats's known life story. Not less interesting, and even more surprising to me, was the news given out in *The Times* Literary Supplement recently of the debt which he owed to an actress for some of the splendours in the same poem. Mary (Perdita) Robinson, an early love of George IV, was beautiful and a competent actress, and I had a vague memory that she sometimes aspired or descended to writing verse, but I had no idea that in that art she attained so near to genius; that the touch of a master could easily, and not seldom did, convert to solid gold her 18-carat settings. But so it was. She forestalled him in her odes to melancholy and the nightingale; some of her lines could pass muster as pure poetry, many more needed only a flourish to give them immortality, and dozens of them were cribbed by Keats and, unchanged in sense and imagery, were by him given that immortality. Yes, even those "magic casements opening on the foam" were supplied by Perdita and fitted easily into the fabric by Keats. It is odd that the *Oxford Book of Poetry* gives no space at all to this inspiration of our greatest poetry.

Easy Money.—The talk of Nairn last week centred on Mr. Bert Mirtle's bit of luck. Mr. Mirtle lived in a Nairn Council house with a rent of 15s. 6d. a week and works in the town as a baker-confectioner. He spent 3s. a week on pools and won the first Treble Chance pools prize of the season. He went down to London to receive, in the glare of publicity, a little cheque for £75,000. Easy money, you may say, for so small an expenditure of cash and brain-power! But easy money is sometimes hard to spend wisely and has been known even to wreck homes and happiness. Mr. Mirtle, without revealing his plans, indicated in London that his head is screwed on the right way Easy money will not fool *him*. He is back in Nairn and looking for a larger house and a more suitable occupation. But we have heard of heads not so well screwed on as Mr. Mirtle's. There have been prize-winners of unearned and undreamed of thousands who have lived just long enough to curse the hour when cruel fortune smiled on them. All the smiles of welcoming neighbours looked hearty and sincere enough, and, naturally, it was drinks all round all the hours of opening. But "drinks all round" can't go on for ever, and when they cease, a neighbour, here and there, begins to hint at meanness, and other neighbours see in the new car and the latest TV a hint of class-consciousness; and old friends sometimes fall away. And then the day's mail ceases to be merely congratulatory and grows increasingly importunate. Even a millionaire can't support every charity and good cause, nor subsidise every forgotten old friend in trouble who suddenly recalls an old friendship. And even the happy family seems less contented. But Mr. Mirtle is not such a favourite of fortune as that and his family is steady. We need not fear that Mr. Mirtle will be a victim of this beastly prize-disease, which is more blessed (and paying) to give than to receive as often as not. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PRESERVING RURAL ENGLAND

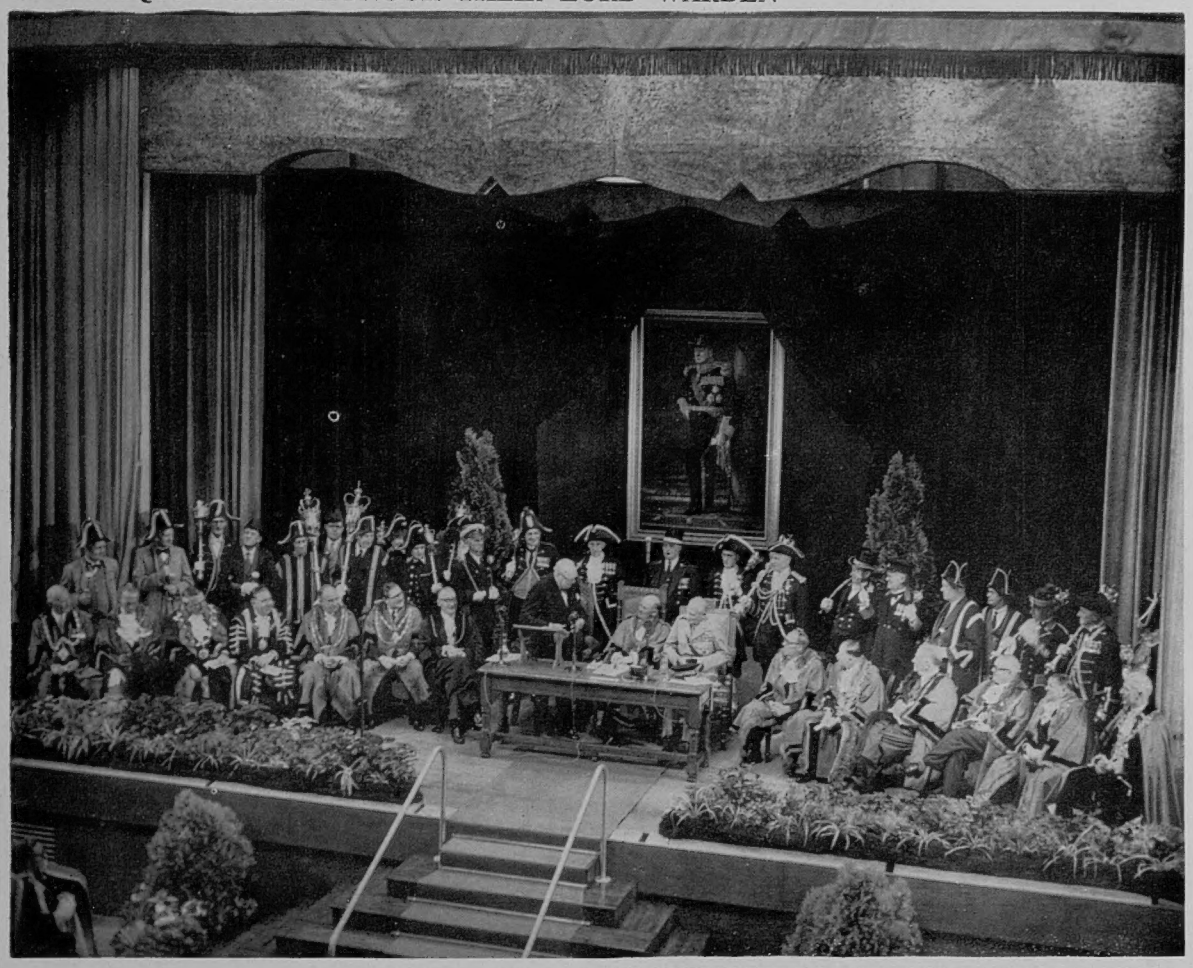
By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

Also

A REVIEW of the 1955 YACHTING SEASON

By UFFA FOX; illustrated with photographs and a painting by Montague Dawson

THE CINQUE PORTS HONOUR THEIR LORD WARDEN



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IS HONOURED AT HASTINGS, SUSSEX: He is making his speech in the White Rock Pavilion after the presentation of his portrait, to which the fourteen boroughs represented in the Confederation of Cinque Ports had subscribed. In the chair is the Mayor, Alderman F. T. Hussey, J.P. (who made the presentation); on the Mayor's left is Lord Montgomery.

The portrait in oils of Sir Winston Churchill by Bernard Hailstone, which he received last week at Hastings, depicts the former Prime Minister in the full uniform of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports posed against a dark pillar, and low down in the background are seen the white cliffs of Dover. It was presented at a meeting of the Ancient Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling, and Sir Winston said, in his speech, that it should join the portraits of other Lord Wardens in the Maison Dieu Hall, at Dover. The presentation ceremony at Hastings was attended by representatives of the boroughs of the Cinque Ports and the ceremonies attaching to the actual event were witnessed by crowds of townspeople and holiday-makers. It was a picturesque and happy occasion, and there were broad smiles later in the day when Sir Winston went to Winkle Club Island, in Hastings Old Town, to be made a member of the Winkle Club—a charity run by lifeboatmen and fishermen.

THE BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS MARCH IN PROCESSION: They are on their way to Holy Trinity Church to attend a special service after the presentation ceremony.

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HASTINGS WINKLE CLUB: Sir Winston Churchill takes part in another ceremony at Winkle Club Island, in the Old Town. He is seen holding aloft his new "gold winkle" after the cry of "Winkles up" had been made by one of the members of the club. On being admitted to the club, Sir Winston was presented with a winkle of ordinary size but made of solid gold. Every member of the club (founded in 1890) carries a winkle, and when he meets another member challenges him to "Winkles up." If the challenged member cannot produce his winkle he must pay a fine. This is used to entertain poor children of the town.

A PERFECT DAY FOR THE BRAEMAR GATHERING IN THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND DUKE OF FIFE PARK : A general view of the famous Highland Games, showing the arena for the events. This year the Braemar Gathering was held on a day of fine weather (a great improvement on that experienced in recent years) and about 20,000 people, including many overseas visitors, assembled in the grounds. Present at the Games for the first time were Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who arrived with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from Balmoral. They were accompanied by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and guests who were staying at the Royal Deeside residences. As the Queen arrived the Royal Standard was raised by Mr. John Cumming, a member of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, who has performed this duty at every gathering since 1906. The Braemar Games followed their traditional pattern of Highland dancing, heavyweight athletic events and racing and, in addition, there were parades by the massed pipe bands with over 200 pipes and drummers.

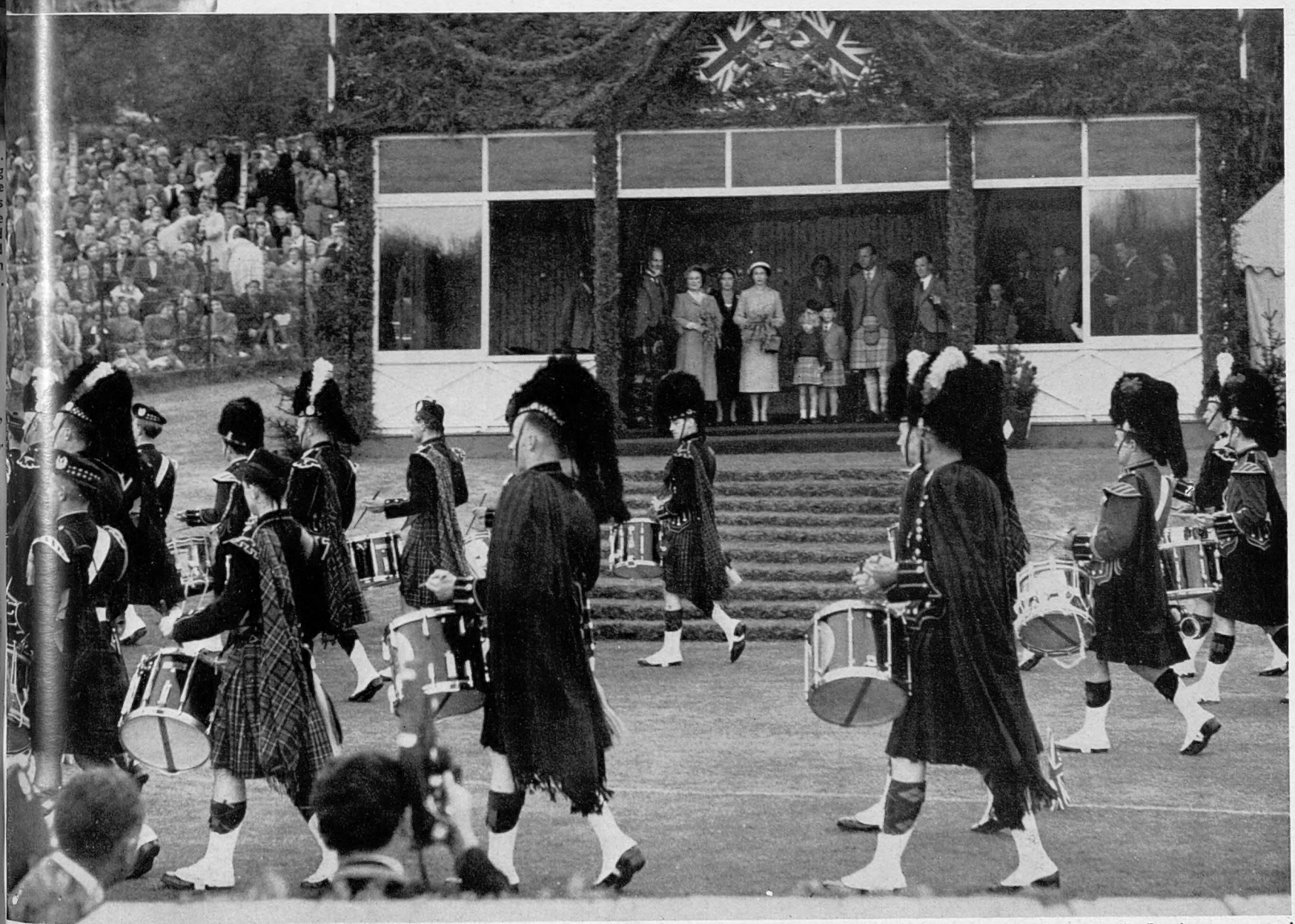
A PERFECT BRAEMAR

The Royal Children Make Their First Appearance at the Gathering, which was Attended by About 20,000 People in Fine Weather

THE ROYAL VISITORS : The Queen is greeted on arrival by the Marquess of Aberdeen. *On right*—The Royal children are seen with their parents as the Royal Family prepare to leave for their return journey to Balmoral. The Royal Family has a 107-year-old association with the Braemar Gathering.

CUMBERLAND-STYLE WRESTLING BY THE ROYAL PAVILION: A. Richardson is being swung round by Donald Bell. This was an event which the Royal children enjoyed immensely.

COMPETITORS IN ACTION: *Left*—A. A. Cameron, of Lochearnhead, throwing the 22-lb. hammer. This event was won by J. McLellan with a distance of 97 ft. 6 ins. *Right*—G. Clark tossing the 114-lb. caber in the contest, which was won by H. A. Gray. In other competitions, J. Scott, a farmer of Inchmurrin, who had competed successfully at the earlier Aboyne Games, gained four first places.



THE DRUMMERS OF THE MASSED PIPE BANDS MARCH PAST THE ROYAL PAVILION: As they marched past the bands played "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." Ten bands competed for the pipe-band shield, which was awarded to Aberdeen City Police Pipe Band. The shield was presented by the Queen to Pipe-Major D. Morrison. Before leaving the Games the Queen spoke to Mr. Angus Macpherson, of Invershin, who has been a judge of piping for the Braemar Royal Highland Society for twenty-five years.

WEALTH FROM THE OCEAN BED—PROSPECTORS IN AMERICA EXAMINE SPECIMENS FOR TRACES OF OIL: These two scientists are members of an American team of divers who are examining ancient sediments on the ocean bed in the Gulf of Mexico.

DIVING FOR OIL

A HOBBY POPULAR WITH HOLIDAY-MAKERS IS PUT TO PRACTICAL USE BY AMERICAN GEOLOGISTS

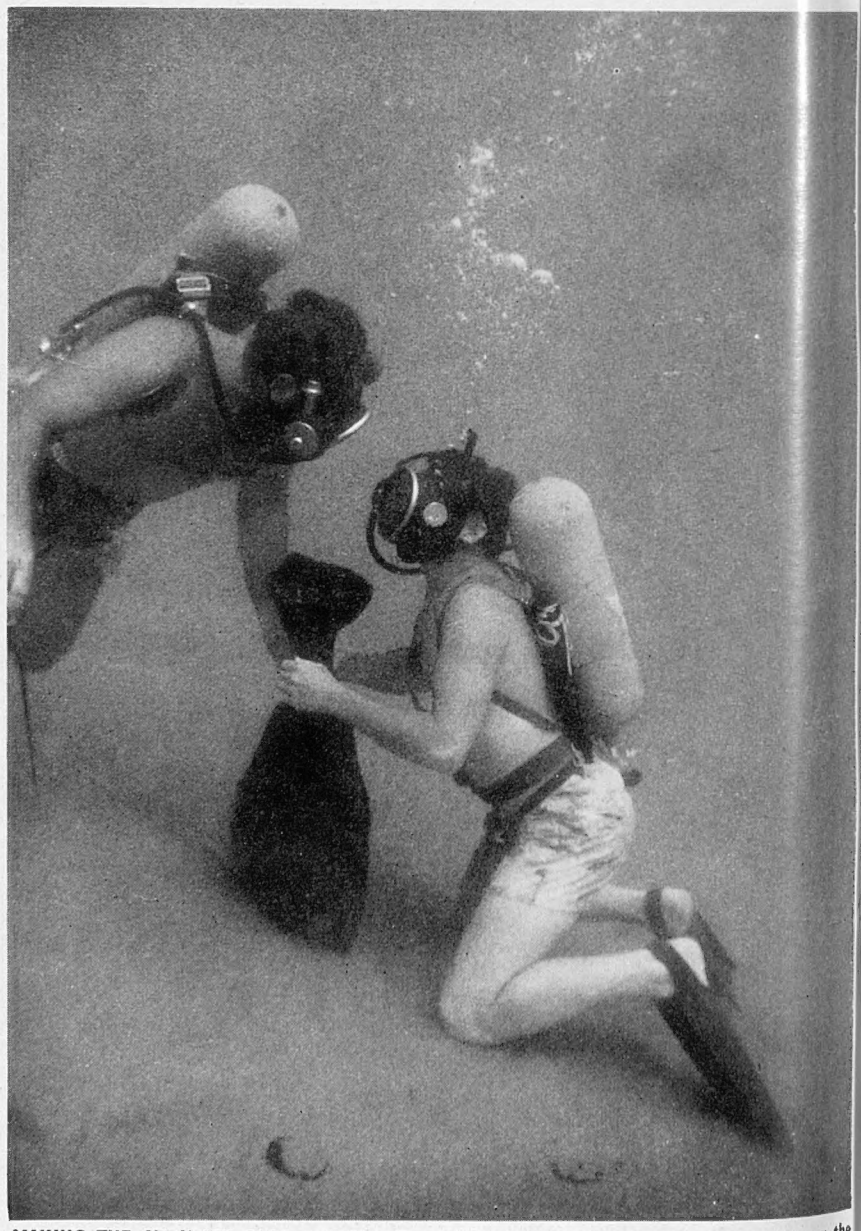
The underwater adventures of the Austrian diver Hans Haas and his wife have caught the imagination of the world, and at seaside resorts throughout the world holidaymakers, grotesque in masks and "flippers," have sought the new world below the surface of the sea. But skin-diving, as this is called, has many other uses. One of them is prospecting. Dr. Henry Nelson, a research-geologist in the service of the Magnolia Petroleum Company in the United States, together with his colleagues and research-associates, has recently made an "on the spot" study of 20,000-year-old sediments, at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico—in the search of oil. By examining the sediments of the ocean floor they expect to find rich oil-bearing stratas in the Gulf.

Prior to the underwater investigations, all the scientists took swimming lessons and learned the fundamentals of "skin-diving" in a Dallas, Texas, swimming-pool. Later, they practised what they learned, in the San Marcos River. Finally, they went down to near-by Galveston and put their knowledge of "aqua-sport" to practical use in the interest of science. The scientists carried out coral, mud and sand studies in the water, scrupulously exploring the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, often as deep down as 65 ft.—for a half-an-hour at a time. This is the time-limit a man can stand under the pressure of the water so deep down.

Two of the scientists, Dan Feray and Wilson A. Jenkins, are short-sighted, and found it difficult to wear spectacles under their goggles. But the underwater experience turned out to be to their advantage, as the water corrected their faulty vision. Without wearing glasses, they could see anything on the ocean floor as well as—if not better than—colleagues with normal vision.

The skin-diving oil-researchers used wax pencils in the water, writing their notes on plastic slates, and collected specimens in gunnysacks for later examination in their laboratories. They also took films with cameras fastened to their waists in watertight plastic cases. The day may well come when drillers will "strike" oil in some remote ocean floor, using the findings of the "skin-diving" pioneers of their company.

ON THE WAY TO THE TOP: A member of the underwater team of geologists heads for the surface in a cloud of bubbles. His specimen bag may yield valuable information.



MAKING THE SPECIMEN SACK SECURE: Two of the American underwater geologists on the bed of the Gulf of Mexico. Special watertight cameras are often carried by the divers.

THIRTY-FIVE FEET DOWN : *Above*—A young geologist picks at the ocean bed during his search for oil-bearing strata. *Below*—Team work under the ocean—a diver holds open the sack while another places valuable rock specimens inside.

NOT ALL WORK IS DONE ON THE OCEAN BED : Here three of the geologists lower a dredge to collect specimens of the sediment. Often, however, there is a man down below to guide the dredge and to signal the boat when it is full and ready to be hauled up.

A CONFERENCE UNDER THE WATER : Four members of the diving team discuss an interesting find. Conversation is difficult because microphones are not carried, and sign language is the only means of communication. Although the oxygen that the men carry lasts for a considerable time, thirty minutes is all that is allowed under water. The high pressure at depths would have a harmful effect after this period. Some of the sediments which have been examined were over 20,000 years old.

"IN THE SERVICE OF PEACE": Dr. Adenauer speaking at Moscow Airport shortly after his arrival for the German-Soviet conversations. On the Federal Chancellor's right is Marshal Bulganin, and on his left Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister (background), Dr. von Brentano, German Foreign Minister, and Mr. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister. Mr. Khrushchev, the Communist Party Secretary, who was not present at the airport to greet the German visitors, later attended the talks. He accused Dr. Adenauer of stating that Soviet troops had committed atrocities on German soil, but this was denied by the Chancellor.

DR. ADENAUER IN MOSCOW

West German and Soviet Leaders Meet for the First Time in Talks Aimed at Re-establishing Normal Diplomatic and Trade Relations

On right—

SMILES ALL ROUND ON ARRIVAL: Marshal Bulganin and Dr. Adenauer shake hands at the airport. Looking on are, extreme left, Mr. Pervukhin, a Soviet Deputy Premier, and centre, Herr Hallstein, the German Secretary of State, and the German interpreter.

AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE: The opening session of the talks in the Spiridonovka Palace, Mr. Molotov's official residence. The German delegates, at left, are Herr Kiesinger, Dr. von Brentano, Dr. Adenauer, Herr Hallstein, and Herr Arnold, the North Rhine Premier. Opposite sit the Russian delegates, who are, from right, Mr. Semeonov, First Deputy Foreign Minister, and a former German High Commissioner; Mr. Molotov, Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Pervukhin.

A VOLUNTARY MEMBER OF THE COMMONWEALTH: This inscription in Valetta proclaims "the Love of the Maltese" confirmed the island in 1814 to Britain. Thus the Maltese claim voluntary partnership.

VALETTA FROM THE AIR: In this striking picture of the capital of Malta, Fort St. Elmo is at the top. On the right-hand side shipping lies in Grand Harbour. In the centre are Palace Square and the Governor's (Grand Master's) Palace. Below them is the Royal Malta Library, and below that St. John's Co-Cathedral.

THE "ISLAND FORTRESS"

Discussions are Starting in London on the Future of Malta, the G.C. Island which has Played a Long and Unique Part in the Story of Mankind

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

The author is well known to SPHERE *readers through his monthly "A Countryman's Journal." Mr. Bonham-Carter has a first-hand knowledge of Malta, for his father, General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was Governor of the island from 1936 to 1940.*

MALTA is again prominent in the news. This week representatives of the Maltese and the British Parliaments are sitting down in London to work out the future constitution of the island. Their terms of reference are: "To consider . . . proposals for closer association between Malta and the United Kingdom and, in particular . . . the proposal that Malta should in future be represented in the Parliament at Westminster." The outcome of the Conference may well be a landmark in the development of the British Commonwealth. But the George Cross Island merits unique treatment, for it is unique in a number of ways, and its importance to the world, as well as to the Commonwealth, is vastly out of proportion to its small cartographical area of 95 square miles.

To generations of British Servicemen the "Island Fortress" has been a station of the highest strategic value, in which a pleasant British society can be enjoyed. But for a long time Malta has offered much more of exceptional worth than this. For archæologists it is a treasure-house of pre-history and of the earliest forms of human society; for historians it abounds in fascinating records of more than two millennia; for architects and artists it contains an exceptional wealth of magnificent buildings and other works of art from innumerable ages. Even linguistically Malta is unique, and from the religious point of view it may be said that the Church there to-day derives directly from the first Christian Diocese.

However, politically the issue really turns on finding a balance between the maintenance of the vital strategic importance of the "Fortress" and the legitimate and understandable desire of the Maltese to have "a home of their own" and to manage their own affairs as fully adult members of the British family. It augurs well for this week's conference that it is not a discussion between representatives merely of the two Governments, but of members of all the parties in both Parliaments. It is the outcome of preliminary inter-Government talks which took place earlier this summer. When, in July, Sir Anthony Eden announced that the next stage was to be the all-parties meeting, Mr. Attlee, who will be participating in it, undoubtedly voiced the opinion of all concerned when he said: "I do not think we should be afraid of precedents . . . because the position of Malta is quite exceptional, as a part of Europe attached to us and seeking self-government."

In this spirit Britain and Malta can strengthen their relationship, which began little more than 150 years ago. In 1800 the island could already look back on a history which begins with the earliest records of mankind. It is the largest island in a small archipelago which was once part of a land-bridge connecting Europe and Africa. With the advent of the Mediterranean Sea, and history as we know it, Malta produced an indigenous and flourishing civilisation and then was successively colonised by the Phœnicians (who gave it the language still spoken), Carthage (Queen Dido's sister reputedly fled to Malta) and by Rome, under whom the two most notable and most diverse events were the outrageous governorship of Verres, who was prosecuted for his enormities by Cicero, and the shipwreck of St. Paul and St. Luke on the coast.

After the Romans came the Arabs, and then, from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries, Malta was bandied, and sometimes even pawned, between a multitude of European monarchs, who tended to regard the people as just so much negotiable property. But in 1522 a new period began when the Emperor Charles V presented Malta as a headquarters to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, "to perform the duties of their religion for the benefit of the Christian community and employ their forces and arms against the perfidious enemies of the Holy Faith."

This was the start of an age of outward splendour. The Knights, under their Grand Master La Valette, showed by their courage and discipline that "they were prepared to die in the service of Christ" by repelling the Turks in the four-months siege, still known in history books as The Great Siege, in spite of the Greater and Longer siege which Malta endured in the 1940's. Secure in their stronghold the Order engaged in a munificence of building—churches, palaces, forts, grand mansions, hospitals, and much else of late Renaissance and Baroque grandeur—as all familiar with Malta must be aware. But, as is so often the case in human record, power and glory led to arrogance. The Knights neglected the Maltese, who had given them full measure in the defence against the Turks, and denied them their aspirations. When a Corsican upstart sailed across the Mediterranean, the Maltese gladly came to terms with him, and the Knights were expelled. However, Napoleonic promises of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" proved illusory. After the Battle of the Nile, the Maltese changed sides, and in 1800 opened their shores to the British.

The manner in which the Maltese became associated with Britain requires emphasis. The Maltese claim that they entered voluntarily into the British Empire, they were neither conquered nor annexed. As evidence they can still point to a plaque expressing this belief and erected in the Palace Square of Valetta nearly a century and a half ago. But the

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE GOVERNOR: Major-General Sir Robert Laycock, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., was appointed last year.

THE PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Mintoff (right), who leads the Maltese in the London talks, is with Dr. Flores, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

A STREET PLAYGROUND : In Valetta boys play by houses with Maltese balconies. Behind is the spire of one of Malta's many churches.

On right—
GRAND HARBOUR : In the famous anchorage of Valetta lie the *Ville D'Oran* and, in the mist in the background, the *Britannic*. Valetta takes its name from the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John during the Great Siege by the Turks in 1565.

EUROPE'S THIRD LARGEST DOME : It is 118 ft. in diameter and reaches a height of 172 ft. above the church in the village of Mosta. The fact that the building can hold a congregation of 10,000 worshippers is evidence of Malta's deep religious feeling.

On right—
PREHISTORIC MALTA : The Megalithic Sanctuary at Hagiar Kim is a reminder that the island was one of the earliest civilisations long before the Phœnicians first colonised there.

THE "ISLAND FORTRESS"

(Concluded from previous page)

British point of view merits equal consideration. The expanding Empire, based upon sea power, had to possess Malta, or perish. Had Malta not come into the British orbit of its own free will it would undoubtedly have been brought in by force of arms. When one adds to such a divergence of opinion conflicting approaches to religion and language, it is not surprising that relations between Britain and Malta have often been unhappy. Fortunately to-day, in the new spirit of co-operation between the sides, knowledge and experience of these various problems will be employed to avoid mistakes and bestow benefits in the future. Malta can be both a proper home for the Maltese and remain a bastion for Western liberty.

The conference this week will be concerned with much more than the possibility of returning to Westminster M.P.s for Valetta or the West Division of Malta. It is charged also to consider the economic and social development of the island.

Economically, the problems, although formidable, are easy to understand. The population stands to-day at well over 300,000, is still rising, and is crammed into an area of under 100 square miles. With a complete lack of natural resources the island cannot possibly support itself. Less than half the wage-earners are engaged in agriculture, mostly peasant proprietors. Of the remainder some find work in light industries and public and Government services, but the large majority are employed by the Admiralty, which is easily the most important source of income for the island. The future of Malta, then, is bound up with the future of the Royal Navy, and, to a less extent, with the other two Services. But the conference is to consider ways of substantially increasing employment of the Maltese outside the Service establishments.

The social question is more complicated. The Maltese are a proud and ancient race who have retained their identity in spite of continuous occupation by foreign Powers for over 2,000 years. They are still a highly stratified society. The aristocracy has its place and precedence at the Court of St. James's, and the senior noble family can trace its title back to the fourteenth century. The great majority of the population, however, are peasants and workers in the towns surrounding the harbour, fine, simple people, hard-working, poor in material terms, but buoyant and far less volatile than their Mediterranean neighbours. The middle classes have grown greatly in importance during the last 100 years, mainly due to the development of the island under British rule, and it is they who now hold the dominant position in political and civil government. Relations with the British until shortly before the last war were not particularly cordial. The majority of British were Service people, who were peripatetic and sufficient unto themselves. The result was indifference, ignorance and a certain national snobbery on one side; and natural resentment tinged with parochialism on the other. Great efforts were made before the war, especially by successive Governors, to break down the barriers.

The last peacetime Governor paid a personal visit to every village in the island, where he met the priest, the teacher, and other leading personalities. He made friends with the Church, sought out Maltese in every walk of life, and identified himself in a variety of ways with the life of the island. On the British side, he tried to ensure that every new Service unit should be made aware of the history and significance of Malta. In the end the war brought the two peoples really close together. The whole world knows of the heroism of the ordinary people of Malta; likewise, the outstanding success of the defence, especially of the Maltese units who were mainly responsible for the annihilation of the Italian torpedo-boat attack on Grand Harbour in 1941.

A PALACE OF THE KNIGHTS : The Auberge de Castille et de Leon was built for one of the Langues of the Order of St. John in the seventeenth century. Now it is part of the Royal Naval Signal Station.

THE RURAL SCENE : Sheep browse by old walls and a modern windmill, which replaces a primitive well. Malta lacks natural resources and cannot possibly hope to support its population of 300,000.

NEW ELECTORS TO WESTMINSTER ? The market in Old Theatre Street, Valetta, is a favourite shopping centre. The Maltese seen here may soon be returning their own M.P.s to Westminster. This week's British-Maltese Conference is to discuss the possibility of Maltese representation in the U.K. Parliament.

THE ISLAND OF GOZO : From the walls of its ancient capital, Rabat, one looks on to the more recent buildings which comprise the town of Victoria. Gozo lies to the north-west of Malta and in prehistoric times was, with its larger sister-island, part of a land-bridge which connected the continents of Europe and Africa.

THE SPLENDOUR OF MALTA'S ARCHITECTURE : The ornate pulpit and intricate tracery are in the Co-Cathedral of St. John in Valetta, which is one of the many magnificent monuments in the island.

Whatever is decided at the conference, guarantees have been given safeguarding the position of the Church in Malta. The Maltese are devout Roman Catholics. Until 1831 the Bishops of Malta were suffragans of the Archbishops of Palermo, but after that the island was placed under the direct supervision of the Vatican. As a result, Italian has always been the language of the Church. It was also the language of the Courts.

Twenty-five years ago the situation was exacerbated by Mussolini, who conducted a propaganda campaign for the adoption of Italian as the official language of the island. This was intolerable, for only about 15 per cent. of the population spoke Italian ; the remainder spoke Maltese and English. Finally, in 1934, it was decreed that Maltese should be the language of the Courts, and English of the administration. The conservatism of the Church in the face of reforms, notably in education, was another stumbling-block, but the efforts of the present Archbishop and the events of the last twenty years have done much to remove friction, and relations are now greatly improved between Church and State.

Constitutionally, Malta made a great step forward in 1921, when it ceased to be a Crown Colony and was granted a bi-cameral Parliament, with certain matters, mainly concerning defence, reserved for the decision of the Governor. Yet twice in succeeding years the Constitution had to be suspended, on the second occasion in 1933 because of the language question. But tension was eased by goodwill from both British and Maltese, and many practical measures were put in hand in the sphere of public works, education and town planning, with the approval and support of the Maltese.

After the war the Constitution was restored, and in the past decade attention has been increasingly given to the next stage in Malta's development. The wishes of the majority of Maltese have changed from a desire for Dominion status to a request for treatment analagous to that of Northern Ireland. Britain having offered to transfer Maltese affairs from the Colonial to the Home Office (without representation in Westminster), has now moved forward to the position of readiness to discuss the possibility of Maltese M.P.s. In such a spirit of compromise the right solution will now be found.

Looking back, we have come a long way from the days when the great Duke of Wellington would allow that Malta could only be considered as "held by conquest and by treaty after conquest . . . an important post, a naval and military arsenal, and nothing more." The change, in the view of to-day, was expressed for both Britain and Malta by Mr. Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, last July. Welcoming the coming conference, he spoke of the "abiding and traditional friendship of our two nations." In spite of apparent conflict, the friendship has always been there. And now the traditional tie is to be strengthened.

FLOODS IN THREE COUNTRIES

And Other Pictures of Recent Foreign News

CLEARING AN ITALIAN VILLAGE AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY A LANDSLIDE: Villagers are starting the clearance of a street in the village of Villa San Sebastiano, in the Abruzzi, east of Rome, after it had been overwhelmed by a landslide last week. The landslide followed torrential rains. Four people were killed, twelve were reported missing and over thirty were injured, some of them seriously. About 700 were left homeless. The damage to property by the avalanche of rocks and the torrents of roaring water was widespread throughout the village and the cost of repairs will certainly be very high. Villa San Sebastiano was not alone in Italy in suffering from natural disasters. In Milan the worst cloudburst of the summer, with rain falling at the rate of 1½ ins. an hour, disrupted communications with Central Italy. In Messina, in Sicily, two people were killed when the tree under which they were sheltering was struck by lightning during a heavy storm.

FLOODS IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN WHICH AFFECT 45,000,000 PEOPLE: This picture of an apparent ocean was taken above East Pakistan from the aircraft in which Dr. Francis Daubenton, delegate of the League of Red Cross Societies, was flying. He said it was impossible to identify much of the country he covered on the flight because it was all inundated and therefore looked much the same. From Bombay it is reported that about 45,000,000 people (not far short of the total population of the British Isles) are suffering as a result of floods which stretch over a vast area from Pakistan's North-West Frontier to Assam in Eastern India and southwards to the Bay of Bengal. The cause of the floods is torrential rain pouring from the Himalaya into rivers already swollen by heavy snows. In East Pakistan the Relief Minister, Hashimuddin Ahmed, has said that the flood damage in the province is so great that if the entire provincial revenue was devoted to the purpose of relief, it could do no more than touch the fringe of this colossal and urgent problem.

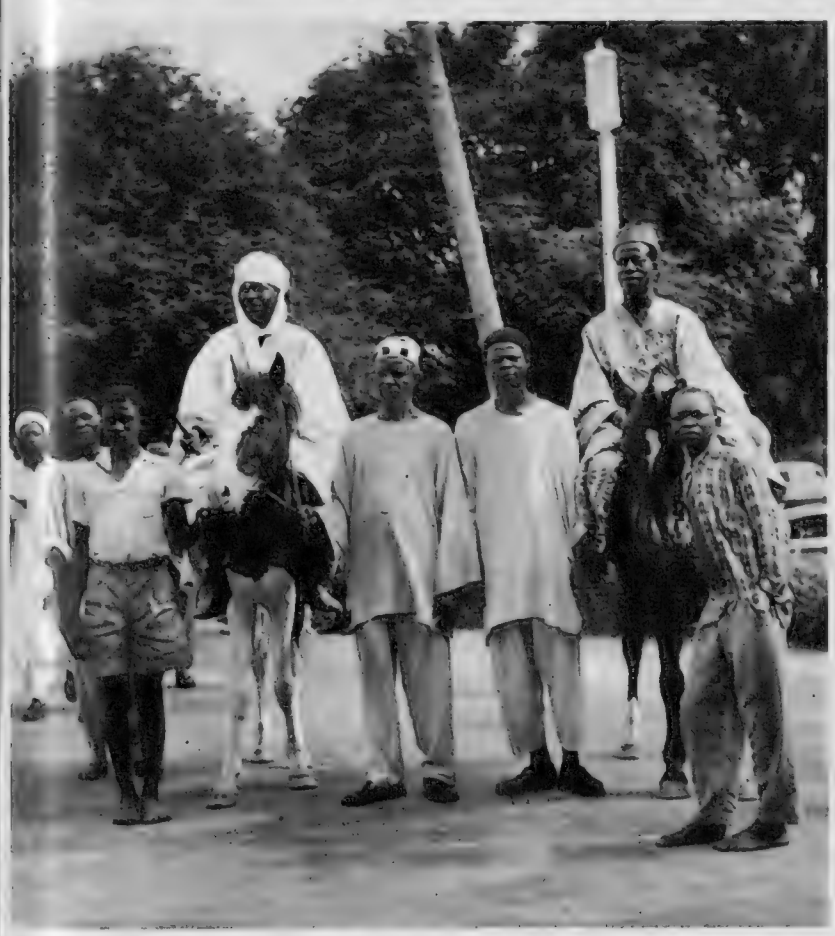
IN THE WAKE OF THE LANDSLIDE: In a desolation of boulders and stones, men and women of Villa San Sebastiano examine the damage and remove their possessions from the devastated buildings. About 700 were homeless.

A CORNER OF THE WRECKED VILLAGE: Torrential floods and a landslide of rocks have swept on these buildings. Besides the four people known to have been killed, it was feared that other victims might be found buried under the debris of the fifty homes destroyed in Villa San Sebastiano.

SWOLLEN WATER WHICH CLAIMED ELEVEN VICTIMS IN MEXICO: On makeshift rafts inhabitants of Mexico City propel themselves towards dry ground. The floods here were caused by the heavy rains of a tropical storm, an offshoot of one of the recent North American hurricanes. At least eleven children were killed.

RESTORING ORDER IN MOROCCO : *Left*—A column of armoured cars patrols near Oued Zem, the scene last month of the appalling massacre of Europeans by Moroccans. *Right*—Members of the Smala tribe wait to be questioned by French interrogators. According to some reports, this tribe was responsible for initiating the attack on Oued Zem. But the French authorities are relentlessly tracking down any who may have been responsible for the outrage. Paris has also made further representations to Cairo and Damascus regarding interference in France's North African affairs. The arrival of General Boyer de la Tour to take up the post of Resident-General in Morocco in succession to M. Grandval has given hope that a solution may be found for French colonial policy in the present extremely critical situation. But tension is still very taut in North Africa. The French authorities in Morocco are forming "temporary protection units." These are comprised of armed civilians, whose task will be to reinforce the Army and the police in static guard duties. European and Moroccan civilians aged between twenty and twenty-five are liable to conscription for short periods in this "Home Guard." However, in the effectives of any unit Moroccans must not number more than one-third. The units will be uniformed, but strict safeguards have been taken about their arms. Every member who is armed with what is described as a "simple individual weapon" must hand it back after each period of duty. The first of those conscripted under this measure are reported to have given full satisfaction in Casablanca and other places. Meanwhile, disorder continues sporadically over a wide area. Over and above the local problems, the French are having to deal with the alleged encouragement of their North African nationals by the independent Arab States. Last week it was announced that French diplomatists in these Arab countries had been given a free hand to protest against the anti-French tone of the Governments to which they are accredited.

AN AMERICAN SENATOR AND A BRITISH M.P. SPEAK IN A MOSCOW CHAPEL : *Left*—Senator Estes Kefauver, of the United States of America, gives greetings from American Baptists to the congregation of a Baptist church in Moscow. At the same service Mr. Cyril Osborne, M.P., brought greetings from British Baptists. *Right*—Some of the congregation are listening to Senator Kefauver. The Senator and Mr. Osborne had travelled to Moscow from Helsinki and visited four churches during their tour.



UNUSUAL TRANSPORT TO THE NIGERIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES : Arriving on horseback at the House in Lagos, Nigeria, are Mr. T. O. S. Benson, the Member for Lagos West (on the left), and Mr. Olakunle, who had been elected to sit for Oyo South. Mr. Benson was re-elected to represent his constituency after his seat had been declared vacant as a result of an election petition to the Supreme Court. In Southern Nigeria horses are not a common form of transport.

MR. TRUMAN MAKES A SPEECH : The former President of the United States of America speaks from a rostrum in front of the Old City Hall in Detroit on Labour Day. His listeners were said to be the largest crowd ever assembled on a Labour Day in the history of Detroit. Mr. Truman referred to himself as a "has-been," and said that all he could offer the people now was his friendship. But he took the occasion to deliver a strong attack on the administration of President Eisenhower for what he called its "indifference" to organised labour.

THE PARADE ALONG THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE ANNUAL GONDOLA REGATTA IN VENICE: Escorted by gondolas, a richly-carved symbolic flagship, with draperies trailing in its wake, moves in procession along the canal towards the famous late sixteenth-century Rialto Bridge. The gondoliers are dressed in their traditional costumes and the decorated and beflagged gondolas, which follow in the long procession, are grouped in sizes and types. Crowding along the canal banks are some of the thousands of visitors who flock into the city for this outstanding event of the Venetian Season. The day closes with gondola races along the canal. The regatta was started in the thirteenth century by the ruling doge, after he had watched a procession of decorated gondolas stream across the bay to the lido in honour of the Feast of the Assumption. He decreed that a feast day should be held thenceforth in honour of the gondoliers. The whole of the regatta scene is a reminder of the days when Venice was not only "Queen of the Adriatic" but also "Queen of the World." Flanking the Grand Canal, which is sometimes called the "High Road" of Venice, and which follows an inverted "S" for 2¼ miles through the centre of the city, are 100 historic marble palaces, some of them 600 years old.

Carnival Day in Venice

Traditional Pageantry on the Grand Canal During the City's Annual Summer Regatta of the Gondolas

PAGEANTRY AND CARNIVAL-TIME ON WATER AND LAND: *Left*—The symbolic flagship is seen passing under the Rialto Bridge, the single arch of which is 90 ft. long and 24 ft. high. The roadway across the bridge is divided into three lanes by two rows of shops. It was built in 1588-92 to replace a wooden bridge which had, in turn, replaced a bridge of boats in 1264. *Right*—A colourful procession makes its way across the Piazza di San Marco. The participants are wearing the Renaissance costumes of Knights, Esquires, pages and standard-bearers from Siena, in Tuscany. In the background of the picture is the ornate Cathedral of St. Mark.

ACTION PICTURES OF RIVAL MEANS FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF POWER: In the Diu enclave of Goa, Portuguese India, *Satyagrahis* (non-violent invaders from India) are assailed violently by Goan police. Both these pictures were taken from just inside the Indian frontier. Soon after this incident the struggle for this area entered a new phase when the All-India Congress Committee decreed no Indian national should enter Goa as a pacifist demonstrator. But Indian economic sanctions are to continue.

PACIFICISM VERSUS VIOLENCE

"Satyagrahis" into Portuguese India are met with Blows by the Police

On the map Goa is a particle of the sub-continent of India and Pakistan. But for many months it has been a centre which may have a vital effect upon the relations of Orient and Occident. Almost half-a-century before Camoens swam, with the manuscript of the Lusiad clenched between his teeth, from the shipwreck off its shore, "Golden Goa" was the pride of the Portuguese Empire. Therefore the determination of the Portuguese not to give up their possession to the all-embracing modern independent India is understandable.

But the Portuguese-Indian controversy is far more than a dispute between the old idea of Empire versus the new. India has introduced into the struggle for possession the element of the weapon which she has made peculiarly her own—non-violence, or, to use the Gandhist term, *Satyagraha*. There is nothing new in the idea of non-resistance. It had its place in the Ancient world. In modern times it was used most effectively for political purposes by the Hungarians under Deak and by the Irish against the English. However, it only became a world-shaking weapon under the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi.

With it, he created free India. Now his successors appear to be employing non-violence to add to their new-found State, whether the additions want to be included or not. For, paradoxically, a pacifist march of men and women can be just as violent in its determination to seize power as a more conventional assault by armed troops. This has been clearly demonstrated by the recent invasions over the Goa frontier. The Indian Government has seemed to be prepared to disown the demonstrators, unless successful, in much the same way as Hitler in Central Europe twenty years ago would never accept responsibility for Brown Shirts in plain clothes making raids over borders and failing in their objectives. Now the All-India Congress Committee has forbidden Indian nationals to engage in *Satyagraha* over the border. One of the reasons for this may have been reports of Pakistanis preparing to offer non-violence on the Kashmir frontier. However, Goans can continue to agitate for union with India, and doubtless some will be found to do this, and be resisted by force. But beyond this comparatively small dispute is the means used by one side against the other. It is not unlikely that within the next two or three decades non-violence may become more widespread in the East, and possibly the West. Not so sensational as a nuclear bomb, it may, none the less, produce equally unhappy results.

THE RIOTS IN ISTANBUL

Pictures from the Turkish Capital of the Anti-Greek Disorders, which Resulted in £100,000,000 of Damage and a Proclamation of Martial Law

INCITEMENT TO VIOLENCE IN ISTANBUL : *Left*—A crowd, mainly of young Turks, demonstrates in a street of the Turkish capital, shouting anti-Greek slogans. *Right*—a portrait of Kemal Ataturk, the Maker of Modern Turkey, is held above a speaker. The immediate cause of the riots was a report of a dynamite explosion in Salonika which had damaged the house where Ataturk was born. But Turkish opinion against Greece needed little to inflame it, owing to the Cyprus dispute.

AN OVERTURNED CAR : Troops stand by it after the rioters have passed. Although the disturbances were directed against Greeks in Istanbul, looting at one time became indiscriminate, and some British property suffered damage.

AN ASSAULT ON A GREEK SHOP : Infuriated Turks batter in the front of a Greek tradesman's premises. At the Greek Consulate the Greek flag was torn down by rioters shouting "Cyprus is Turkish," and the building was set alight, some of it being destroyed.

President Bayar's firm hand in declaring martial law doubtless prevented the riots in Istanbul from spreading, although by the time the military were called out colossal damage had already been done. The disorders began about half-past eight in the evening in separate parts of the city. For some reason the usually most efficient Turkish police seemed unable to control them. Unfortunately, President Bayar was in a train going to Ankara, and it was not until after midnight that he was able to take the necessary steps to restore order. However, the appearance of the military soon restored order in Istanbul. Martial law was also proclaimed in two other centres of anti-Greek feeling, Smyrna and Ankara.

The incident which immediately caused the Turkish fury was said to be the dynamite explosion in Salonika which damaged the Turkish Consulate there and the house next door, the birthplace of Turkish national hero, Kemal Ataturk. However, there is no doubt that feelings were already sufficiently inflamed to burst out in violence because of the extreme divergence of the Turks and the Greeks over the Cyprus question. Greek property was the main target of the rioters, although some other European premises, including British, suffered. Fifty-four buildings were set on fire, among them nineteen Greek Orthodox churches.

A curious feature of the riots was that although some people were inevitably injured, the number was not high in comparison with the widespread destruction, and no one was killed. Some observers believe that the rioters were under orders to attack property rather than persons. According to the Government, incitement came from Communists. But more should be known about this when the military courts have carried out their investigations.

£100,000,000 OF DAMAGE : Wreckage is strewn in Beyoglu Street. Estimates put the total damage from the rioting at £100,000,000, at the "free" market exchange rate.

MARTIAL LAW : Tanks gather in Istanbul. Very soon after his proclamation of martial law in Istanbul, Ankara and Smyrna, President Bayar said the Army was controlling the situation.

AT FARNBOROUGH, 1955—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATIC AIRCRAFT EXHIBITION : Enjoying, for the main part, good weather, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Show at Farnborough had a good attendance this year, as can be seen from the crowds milling around the aircraft. In the right foreground of this picture is a group of Hawker Hunter fighters, and beyond them, from the right, the Handley-Page Victor jet bomber, the Handley-Page Herald airliner and the Comet III.

FLYING AT FARNBOROUGH

News Pictures of Some of the Many Aircraft Seen at the S.B.A.C. Show This Year

Although it has been generally agreed that the S.B.A.C. Show this year was not as exciting as previously, it must be remembered that a stage has been reached when designers must settle down and sift the great knowledge which has been amassed of flight around the speed of sound. Dashing new designs cannot be produced indefinitely. But to show that Britain can build a prototype as advanced as any, the FD.2 was there. The English Electric P.1, which is also in this category, was under heavy security restrictions and its appearances were brief and uncertain.

Accent this year was on production rather than prototypes, and massed fly-pasts of Hunter and Valiant jet bombers showed that at last things are proceeding in this respect. The flying, as always, was impeccable, the show being stolen by "Roly Falk" in his Vulcan, which, as reported last week, performed a full roll. The Canadian visitor, the CF-100 jet-fighter, and the Gloster Javelin all-weather fighter, also deserve mention. Both performed the difficult manœuvre of the half outside loop, which imposes a negative strain upon the wings.

As always, the show attracted a large number of foreign visitors, the largest delegation being that from France, which was 600 strong. The German delegation this year was surprisingly large and numbered over 200. It included Adolf Galland, ex-German fighter ace.

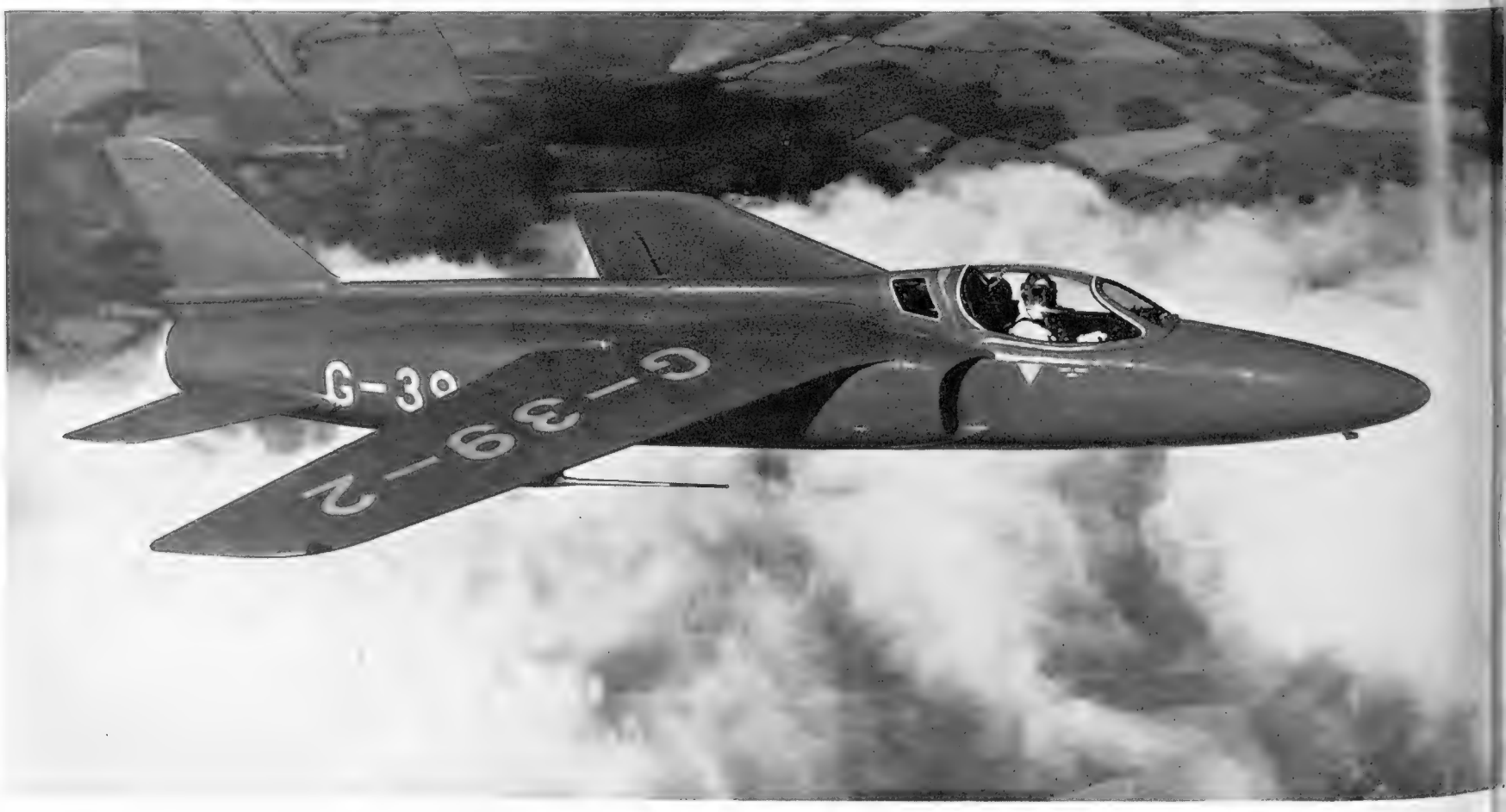
THE FAIREY DELTA 2 SHOWS HOW ITS SNOOT DROOPS : Christened, unofficially, "Droop Snoot," because of its adjustable nose, the FD.2 seems almost to fold up as it lands. A parachute brake is trailed behind to reduce the landing run. Because of its very long nose and marked tail-down attitude when landing, the entire forward section of the fuselage must be lowered to give the pilot a better view. The FD.2 is being used for research in the many problems of supersonic flight.

MAINTAINING BRITAIN'S LEAD IN JET-PROPELLED AIRLINERS: A fine air-to-air picture of the Comet III, which is expected to be ready for service by 1958. With the Comet I, this country established an undeniable lead in civil aircraft, but suffered a serious setback following the two Mediterranean disasters. Although the American Douglas Aircraft Company are now building a jet airliner which may be in service before the Comet 3, the two years operational flying already gained by B.O.A.C. should ensure that Britain keeps her lead. The Comet III has four Rolls-Royce Avon engines.

FLYING AT FARNBOROUGH

(Continued)

Below—**The FOLLAND GNAT IN FLIGHT: This small, fast manœuvrable and quickly-built aircraft is claimed by its makers to be as efficient as the larger fighter planes more usually built.** As yet the R.A.F. have evinced little more than a passing interest in the Gnat, but officials of several N.A.T.O. countries have been on the whole favourably impressed. For small countries without a great many building facilities, the Gnat, and other aircraft of its type, should prove very useful. Several aircraft firms in France and Italy have now started to build prototype light fighters. At the S.B.A.C. show this year the Gnat agreeably surprised spectators by turning at speed within the area of the airfield.



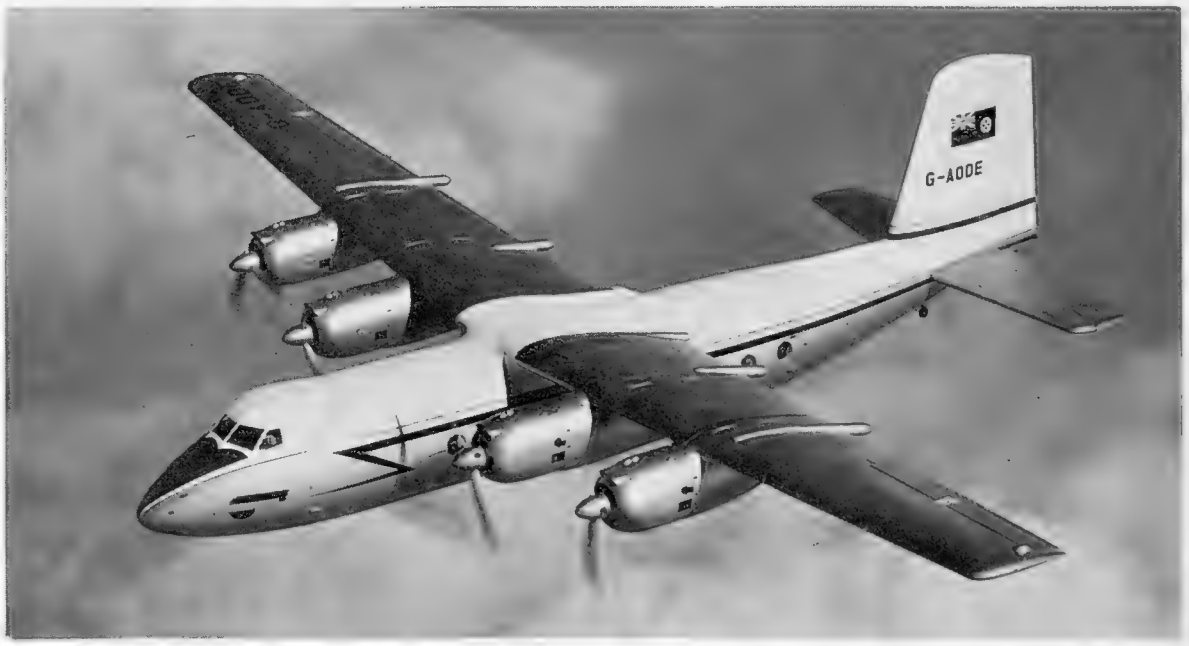
On Left—**THE DANCE OF THE HELICOPTERS : On the left is the Westland Whirlwind helicopter used by the Royal Navy. The civil version of this is used by B.E.A. for their flights between the South Bank site and London Airport. The aircraft on the right is the Westland Widgeon, which was shown for the first time at Farnborough.** The Widgeon is a development of the earlier S-51 helicopter, but the nose has been completely redesigned and the all-up weight increased by 200 lb. In a civil version the Widgeon could carry a pilot and four passengers, and as an aerial ambulance there would be room for two stretcher cases and a medical orderly. Yet another version is planned, fitted with a special winch for rescue work.

Below—**A CLOSE-UP OF AN AERIAL GIANT : The Blackburn Beverley freighter, which has been ordered for the Royal Air Force. As a paratrooper, the Beverley will carry 70 soldiers, as an ambulance 82 casualties, and as a freighter, 45,000 lb. of goods. The tail boom of this aircraft alone carries 42 passengers, and is larger than a Dakota airliner. Despite its large size and weight (it is the largest aircraft being built in the British Commonwealth) the Beverley can take off fully loaded within 800 yards.**

TESTING A NEW JET ENGINE : The Avro Ashton research aircraft is seen flying with the new Rolls-Royce Conway jet engine slung below the fuselage. The culmination of many years of painstaking work by its makers, the Conway, which passed its type test at a thrust of 13,000 lb., has the lowest specific fuel consumption of any type-tested turbo-jet. In a normal jet engine all air taken in by the compressors is led into the combustion chamber and fired with fuel, but in the Conway part of the air is led past the combustion chambers and fed into the stream of burning gas at the "hot end." This has the effect of slowing down the jet stream and makes for more efficient performance. Rolls-Royce Conways are to power the Vickers 1,000—the transport aircraft which is to be developed from the Valiant bomber.

FLYING AT FARNBOROUGH

(Continued)



A CHALLENGE TO THE DOUGLAS DAKOTA : The Handley-Page Herald airliner seen in flight over Farnborough. This remarkable airliner was ordered by Queensland Air Lines of Australia while still on the drawing-board. So smoothly did the initial test flying go that the ten hours' flying time needed to enable it to appear at the S.B.A.C. Show was gained in three days. The Herald is designed especially for operation over difficult country. In this respect it trespasses on ground which for many years has been sacred to the Douglas Dakota. Unlike the Dakota, however, the Handley Page Herald has four engines and a pressurised fuselage, and because of this will score heavily over its venerable rival.

THE TWIN PIONEER—SLOW BUT SURE : This sixteen-seat, twin-engined airliner, built by Scottish Aviation Limited, has excellent slow-flying abilities and is designed for short haul duties in areas lacking normal airport facilities. At Farnborough this year it amazed spectators by taking off after a run of only 100 yards. So steeply did its ingenious system of slots and flaps enable it to climb, that it almost seemed as if a very large magnet had been hidden above the clouds.

THE HAWKER HUNTER IN ITS WAR PACK : Britain's standard day fighter looks very businesslike with twenty-four rockets and two extra fuel tanks hung under its wings. Despite a series of setbacks early in its career, production of the Hunter is now proceeding well and it is being seen in ever-increasing numbers. Features of the S.B.A.C. Show this year were the fly-past of Hunters and the display of aerobatics given by a team of pilots from the Royal Air Force. During the show it was announced by General Manuel de Garchia, of the Peruvian Air Force, that he had ordered a "substantial number" of Hunters for his country. The number involved is believed to be about twenty. The Hunter will thus become the first swept-wing jet fighter to be used on the South American continent.

THE KENTMERE BOAT IS RAISED FROM THE PLACE OF ITS DISCOVERY IN A DRIED-OUT LAKE, NEAR KENTMERE, WESTMORLAND : Taking part in the operations are (left) Mr. D. M. Wilson, Assistant Keeper, Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, British Museum, and (right) Dr. A. E. A. Werner, of the Museum's Research Laboratory. In the centre is Mr. Leslie Ridding, who made the discovery. Tests of radioactivity are to be used to discover the boat's age. The mere in which the boat was found was drained last century.

RADIO-ACTIVITY TESTS FOR A BOAT

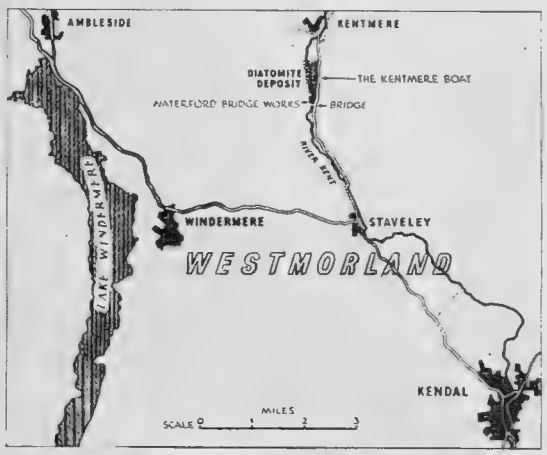
This Modern Method will be used to Establish the Age of the Kentmere Boat

Since its discovery last May in a dried-out lake near Kentmere, Westmorland, the Kentmere boat has created great interest among historians, and it is thought that it may date from the Norman Conquest. A primitive, oak dug-out canoe, with a flat bottom, a round stern and a shaped bow, it is said to be unique in construction, because it is built up with five planks on each side, overlapping and fastened together to raise the gunwale of the boat 15 ins. The planks have not been sawn but rather split and adzed. The nearest comparable example with this type of construction is a boat at Utrecht which is known to date to about A.D. 300.

Until last week the boat had rested in its bed in the diatomite deposit of the Cape Asbestos Company, where it had been found by Mr. Leslie Ridding during excavation work for the firm. Three authorities from London, Mr. D. M. Wilson, Dr. A. E. A. Werner and Mr. G. Naish, investigated the discovery and made arrangements for it to be lifted from the mud, covered with earth and left to dry out. After this process, which is expected to take about a year or even longer, experiments will be made to determine its age.

These experiments will include the use of a geiger counter which was made at Harwell and recently installed at the British Museum. For the geiger test, a piece of the hull will be submitted to the "carbon 14" examination which, it is claimed, can establish the age of wood to within 150 years, as one of the isotopes of carbon 14 is radioactive. This method is based on the fact that when a tree dies, the carbon dioxide it has absorbed in a lifetime decomposes. Hence a felled modern tree will give a "count" of 14 to the minute during this test, while a count of five would mean that the wood was more than 2,000 years old.

Although there is every possibility of the boat dating back hundreds of years, Mr. Wilson says : "I would not be a bit surprised if it turned out to be seventeenth century."



THE POINT OF DISCOVERY : This sketch-map shows the location of the boat in the Cape Asbestos Company's diatomite deposit, close to the River Kent.

On left—
THE MAN WHO MADE THE DISCOVERY : Mr. Ridding standing by the boat which he discovered last May. An employee of the Cape Asbestos Company, he made this find while working on the dried-out bed of the lake, which contains a form of earth used in the manufacture of plastic insulating compositions.

Above—
CONTEMPLATING THEIR NEXT MOVE : Mr. Wilson and Dr. Werner (both of whom are seen sitting by the boat) are joined in their task of raising the boat by (left) Mr. G. Naish, who is Assistant Keeper, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. It is thought that the Kentmere boat may date from the Norman Conquest.

SALES AT DONCASTER

The Annual Auction of Yearlings at Doncaster is an Important Time for Owners and Trainers

Although the epidemic of coughing restricted the size of the fields at the St. Leger meeting at Doncaster this year, business at the equally important Annual Sales of yearlings seemed unaffected. Owners, trainers and breeders were there as usual in large numbers and there was some heavy buying.

After four sessions a Leeds business man, Mr. J. Dunlop, who was represented by the Irish trainer, Mr. C. A. Rogers, had spent 35,800 gns. on six yearlings. For all but one he paid 6,000 gns. or more. A filly by Big Game out of Manetta, from the Tally Ho Stud, produced keen competition. This filly, a half-sister to Alcyone, eventually went to Mr. R. Baerlein at 5,200 gns. and will go for training to the stables of Sir Gordon Richards.

Top price on the first day was 7,200 gns., given by Mr. R. J. Colling for a filly by Court Martial out of Excelsa. On the second day Mr. F. Armstrong, the Newmarket trainer, made the largest single purchase—6,700 gns. for a colt by Alycidon out of Sunny Morning. The average for the 80 lots sold on the first day was 1,289 gns. and on the second 91 lots averaged 1,767 gns. Five yearlings bred by the National Stud realised only 5,490 gns. together. This is the lowest aggregate for the Stud since the end of the war.

IN THE RING : Being led round is a bay filly by Chanteur II out of Chart Room, the property of Mr. J. A. C. Lilley, which was sold for 2,700 gns. on the first day of the Doncaster Yearling Sales.

On left—

WATCHING THE SALES : At Doncaster are, from left, Lord Porchester, the Duchess of Norfolk, Mr. Jeremy Tree, and Lord Caernarvon.

On right—

FROM AMERICA : Miss Gallaher, from Lexington, and Mr. W. Woodward, Jnr., also from the U.S.A., are with Sir Victor Sassoon (centre).

SIR GORDON RICHARDS AT THE SALES : The former champion jockey, who is now a trainer, talks with Mrs. J. Mullion. Several of the yearlings may train at his stables. *Left*—A lot is brought into the ring. After two days the total turnover was 265,890 gns. for 171 lots.

"SONG, DANCING AND SKILL"

A Japanese Ballet Company Brings Kabuki Dances to Edinburgh and London

The components of the term Kabuki are *ka* (song), *bu* (dancing) and *ki* (skill). Towards the end of the Edinburgh Festival the Japanese Azuma Kabuki Company demonstrated at the Empire Theatre, in the Scottish capital, how these are combined in their traditional Kabuki ballet. Now they have come to Covent Garden, in London, for a three-weeks season. Music and dances and the legends on which they are based are very old, some of them being adaptations from the Noh drama. Studied and controlled gesture, mime and symbolism are the essence of the performance, which is variously comic, tragic, magic or romantic.

The leading dancer of the ballet is Tokuho Azuma. In *Dojoji*, or *The Dancing Girl at the Dojoji Temple*, she shows a wonderful integration of movement. The story concerns the hopeless passion of a girl for a priest, and the dancing is embellished by magnificent costumes, richly-coloured kimonos and headdresses. One ballet is a tale of animals—the *Lion Dance*. In this the old lion puts his cub through an ordeal from which the youngster emerges unscathed, and father and son dance in triumph at their strength. In the *Dance of the Spider* there is a monstrous insect who casts his web over his victims.

The dancing in Japanese ballet is strange to Europeans, and so is the music. The orchestra, under the direction of Katsusaburo Kineya, includes bells, gongs, drums, flutes and two Japanese instruments—the koto, a long, box-like instrument, and the samisen, of three strings.

THE PRIMA BALLERINA: Tokuho Azuma stands with members of the Azuma Kabuki Ballet Company in the roles of monks in *Dojoji*, or *The Dancing Girl at the Dojoji Temple*, at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh. The company came to the Royal Opera House, London, last Monday.

THE STAGE IS CONSECRATED: Mr. Ian Hunter, the Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival, joins the Azuma Kabuki dancers during the ceremony of the consecration of the stage before the performance. Since the stage is sacred to the dancers, shoes must not be worn.

THE "LION DANCE": Shusai Fujima (left) as the cub, and Tsurunosuke Bando as the old lion, in another of the ballets adapted from the Noh drama.

On left—

AWAY FROM THE STAGE: Members of the ballet company take a stroll in Queen's Park, Edinburgh. Tokuho Azuma is the third from the right.

On right—

DURING PERFORMANCE: Tokuho Azuma and two others of the Kabuki dancers are watched by interested spectators from a wing.

WHERE CROCODILES ARE DYING OUT: A team of crocodile hunters in Northern Territory, Australia, unload dead crocodiles. Catches as numerous as this are a rarity nowadays, because the increase in crocodile-hunting has led to a severe shortage of crocodiles. *On left*—Two natives hang a crocodile in readiness for skinning.

HUNTING CROCODILES AT NIGHT

A ONCE LUCRATIVE BUSINESS IN AUSTRALIA IS IN DANGER OF EXTERMINATION BECAUSE OF THE DECREASING NUMBER OF CROCODILES

THE days of crocodile-hunting in the Northern Territories of Australia are rapidly drawing to a close. The many colourful characters who worked the deserted rivers with guns and harpoons are gradually drifting back to the towns or turning their hand to fishing or salt-mining. The reason for this is an acute shortage of crocodiles, which since the end of the war have been slaughtered in ever-increasing numbers.

Until the end of the war crocodiles were relatively unmolested. A few hardy souls made hunting a full-time job, using primitive methods for small rewards, and were regarded more as romantic figures than hard-working men with businesses.

At the end of the war all this changed. Fickle fashion demanded crocodile hides and competition was keen. Crocodile-hunting developed along modern lines and the price of skins rose 600 per cent.

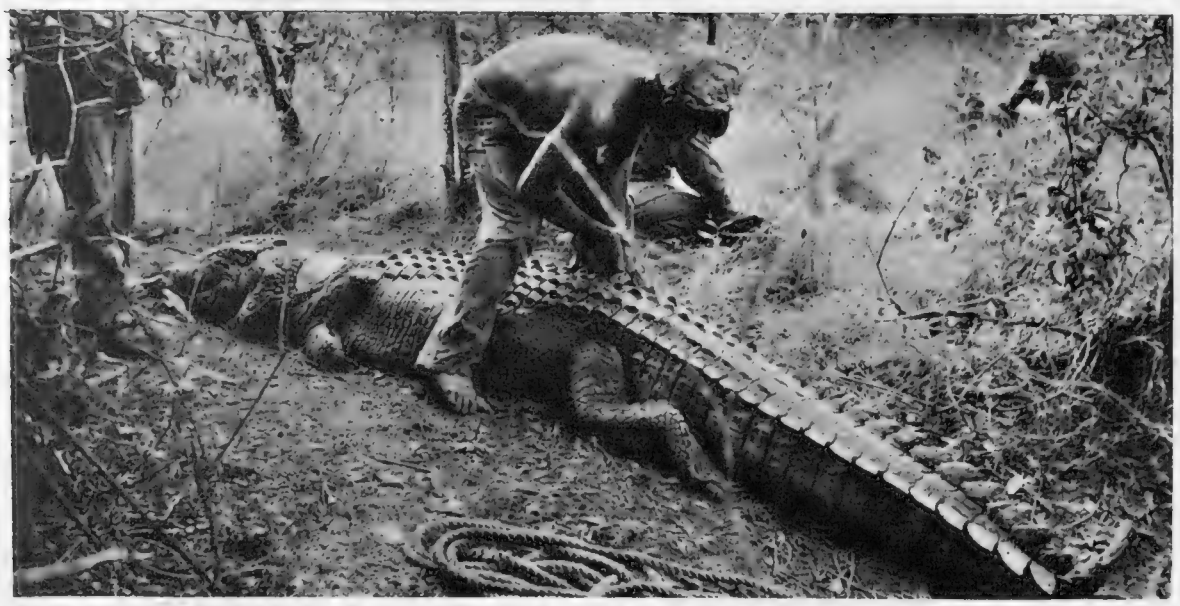
Prior to the war crocodiles were hunted in daylight. Hunters, concealed in rowboats, drifted up rivers on the incoming tide and back with the outgoing tide, shooting the huge reptiles as they basked on mud-banks. Stealth was essential and the hunter had to be a crack shot. If he was not, the wounded crocodile would beat him to the water, where, even if it died, it could never be retrieved.

To-day hunting has been modernised. Crocodiles are hunted at night by power-boat with teams of three or four men. The spotlight method of shooting crocodiles, now in use, was first demonstrated as a commercial proposition by Jim Edwards, of Darwin. Edwards went into partnership with George Haritos, another well-known Darwin character, and the pair developed the technique in present use.

The hunters sail to the operational areas in a 32-ft. auxiliary cutter towing a 16-ft. workboat. If the river they intend to shoot is deep enough the cutter is taken upstream, moored, and a base camp set up. When the tide starts to rise, spotlight, harpoons, and guns are loaded and the party sets out to get as far upstream as possible before the tide turns. The workboat is of shallow draft and powered with a petrol motor. Usually by dark the hunters will be at the head-waters of the river, where banks are close together, and river figs and pandanus meet to form an overhead arch. At about this time the tide changes and begins to race out, and water is running fresh from streams that feed the river.

With his spotlight, connected to 6-volt batteries, strapped to his head, the hunter sits cross-legged on the bows with a rifle across his knees. Standing behind, a native quietly fits the detachable steel head into a heavy 10-ft. harpoon haft, and neatly coils the light rope that is attached to the head. The boat is brought about, and with the motor just turning sufficiently to keep the boat responding to the rudder, the trip downstream begins.

Nankeen herons and snowy egrets, startled by the blinding beam, flap from their perches and crash through the foliage until the light has gone. The helmsman keeps



THE JOINT INVENTOR OF THE TECHNIQUE OF CROCODILE-HUNTING: George Haritos, of Darwin, prepares to skin a large specimen. Haritos was one of two hunters who perfected the night-hunting technique used nowadays, and once made a fair living from this trade. But business is now falling away badly.

HOW THE CROCODILE IS HUNTED : George Haritos, with a spotlight attached to his helmet, takes aim with his harpoon. The light is reflected by the eyes, which make an excellent target.

WHY THE CROCODILE IS DECREASING IN NUMBERS : Two hunters, assisted by a native, have lined up a large catch of about twelve crocodiles in readiness for skinning. Only a thin strip along the back is left on the carcass, the rest is eventually sold in shops as covering for handbags or shoes.

OFF FOR A NIGHT'S HUNTING : A party sets out upstream before dark. Sitting on the bows is Haritos, and behind him are two natives carrying harpoons, which are used in the deeper waters.

CROCODILES YOUNG AND OLD : Haritos compares a newly-hatched animal with a newly-shot 14-ft. specimen. Up to the end of the war travellers could sail along rivers during daytime and see many crocodiles basking lazily on the muddy banks, but they are lucky if they see one to-day.

THE SKINS ARE READY FOR THE MANUFACTURERS : The hides have been salted and spread out in the sun for about two days to dry and are ready to go to Darwin for sale. The price paid is about 7s. an inch.

the boat in midstream, avoiding snags and tree-roots jutting from the racing tide. The hunter sweeps the banks with the spotlight and suddenly raises his hand to signal he has sighted a crocodile, and the helmsman slows the motor until it is just turning over. He keeps the boat pointed to where the light is concentrated.

As the boat gets closer a pair of red eyes can be seen glowing on the bank. The hunter aims, then fires. There is a crashing in the bushes as the crocodile rolls and thrashes on the bank. The helmsman opens the throttle and runs the boat hard against the bank. There is another shot and the crocodile lays still.

The boat is moored and all hands jump ashore to roll the animal aboard. The biggest animals always seem to be upstream on their own. Crocodiles are in greater numbers downstream but are not as large.

With the crocodile safely on board, the boat will be backed into midstream and the hunt continued. Sometimes the crocodiles on the mudbanks take fright and plunge into the water before they can be immobilised by the rifle. If the animal is in midstream a harpoon has to be used because, when killed, the animal will sink.

The dexterous natives who accompany most of the hunters rarely miss. As the barbed head sinks into its hide, the reptile will dash off upstream, hauling after it the yards of rope attached to the harpoon. Then all movement will stop as the crocodile goes to ground on the bottom. The hunters then haul on the rope in an attempt to place the boat over the crocodile. Often the animal will tow the small boat great distances before the hunter is in a position to use his rifle. Care is taken that the animal does not get too near the boat. The thrashing tail and powerful jaws could cause a lot of damage. Once the crocodile has been killed and, after much effort, been lifted on board, the rope is cut and the hunt continues.

If the heavy-eyed hunters are lucky they will have eight or nine crocodiles before dawn, but it is more likely that they will have only one or two.

Sometimes the river is short and the base ship is anchored at sea. The race is on then to get back to the ship before the tide gets too low. In the north there may be a 20-ft. rise and fall of tide. Estuaries are banked-up with mud bars that are exposed at low water, and as often as not the hunters are beaten by the tide. There is no option but to stretch out on the bodies of the slain crocodiles, endure the stench and hordes of mosquitoes, and try to sleep. By morning clothes are saturated with dew, the stench is worse and sandflies outnumber mosquitoes. The hunters cannot walk ashore as the mud would swallow them, so they just wait until the tide surges in again.

As soon as the workboat floats they return to the base ship for a quick breakfast of fish or mangrove crabs, and the back-breaking job of skinning begins.

The crocodiles are taken to the nearest beach or clearing and lined up for easier handling. All the skin is removed except the strip down the back, the end of the tail and the feet. When the skin is free it is soaked in the sea and fleshed, then spread in the shade. The skins are rubbed with coarse salt, then stacked upon one another to drain. After two or three days the hides are shaken free of salt, dried and then stowed in the hold.

There was big money in crocodile skins once when the reptiles were plentiful, but not now. Hordes of young men, fired with prospects of adventure and easy money, went north and hunted crocodiles steadily until there were insufficient to go round. So many adventurers lost their savings that the Northern Territory Administrator issued a warning, through the Press, that the crocodile-hunting craze with its rich rewards was over.

Crocodiles were so commonplace less than ten years ago that river travellers saw dozens each day on the mudbanks. To-day they are rarely seen.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR SOUTH-EAST ASIA'S ABUNDANCE : On the waterfront of Singapore many of the big commercial concerns have their offices. On the left is Ocean Building ; centre is Union Building, and on the right rises Fullerton Building. On the extreme right the dome of the Singapore Supreme Court stands above the trees. The port itself is a magnificent natural harbour in which liners from the West mix with yachts and with native craft of many colours and centuries-old in design.

SPECTACULAR BUILDINGS : From the air is seen the Padang (playing field), where important military parades are held. Left foreground is Empress Place, where many of the Government offices are situated. The clock tower is on the Victoria Memorial Hall. Centre is the domed Supreme Court, and, looking to the right, City Hall and St. Andrew's Cathedral. In the background (centre, left) soars the fourteen-storey Cathay skyscraper.

THE RICHES OF SINGAPORE

The Lavish Beauty of the Island Colony Rivals its Great Commercial Wealth

By DOROTHY THATCHER

MODERN CHINATOWN : These flats are in Pickering Street, in Singapore's Chinese quarter. They were erected two years ago by the Singapore Improvement Trust and replace old shops and ramshackle dwellings.

THE British island Colony of Singapore, washed by the warm waters of the China Sea and Straits of Malacca a mile from the tip of the Malay Peninsula, is probably the world's youngest city and one of the richest and most modern. Joined to the mainland by the Johore Causeway, Singapore is commercially a priceless gem—a clearing-house for South-East Asia's abundance—while visually it is no less lavishly endowed. It has a magnificent natural harbour, in which an incoming liner from the West is paced by colourful native craft, unchanged by centuries of time. And how splendidly do these Malay *perahus* and Chinese junks sail out to the deep sea, disdainful of the white man's idle racing in yachts which transform the landfall into a Solent scene.

The coastline of Singapore winds round the island in infinite variety, with palm trees and silver sand edging it like fine lace, enhanced a thousandfold by wondrous sunsets or the moon by night. And everywhere there are swimming clubs, large and small, for beyond the confines of tiled pools and bamboo palisadings, the sea is cruel and sharks abound. Yet there are still the foolhardy who venture unprotected into the tempting surf, and fearless, naked children who, in the harbour, dive for pennies to an audience on a passing ship.

Singapore city itself is, architecturally, almost entirely Western in aspect, and the old mosques, pagodas and temples are overshadowed on the skyline by white, towering structures. Parks, tree-lined squares, esplanades and open-air restaurants are Singapore's in full measure, and the botanic gardens are among the finest in the world. There are facilities for every type of sport, and the Asian population is as keen on watching rugger, soccer and cricket as the European, though the Malays, Chinese and Indians excel at hockey and badminton. Indeed, Singapore Chinese have held the World Badminton Championship for several years in succession.

In spite of the fact that the Colony is in the tropical belt of the Southern Hemisphere and almost equatorial in geographical position, it is seldom unbearably hot. For the most part the mornings and evenings are cool and pleasant for exercise, and there is a daily refreshing shower. When the monsoons are blowing there is heavier and more prolonged rain, but Singapore—and the mainland—are not so exposed to these seasons as India and Burma. Floods do occur on the island and in the mountainous regions of Northern Malaya, but by no means regularly.

The University of Malaya is on the island of Singapore, just as the Colony's founder, Sir Stamford Raffles, one day dreamed it would be, and is growing apace with fine halls, hostels and playing fields. The faculty is largely English, under the leadership of Sir Sydney Caine, and an offshoot of the university is soon to be established in Kuala Lumpur, the Federal capital of Malaya, to specialise in engineering and agriculture. This institution is modern in concept, conscious of world affairs, but without political bias ; it is open to all races, culturally international, and the medium of learning is English. It cannot, however, provide for all the university education required in the Colony and Malaya, and 1,600-odd students are in Great Britain alone. Perhaps as many more are scattered in America, Australia, Ireland, Egypt, and, alas, Communist China.

In an effort to prevent the small flow of students from Singapore and Malaya to China (where everything connected with higher education is said to be free !), the Nanyang University is being founded in Singapore. This institution will specialise in Chinese culture and give undergraduates the advantages they would have received from an established seat of learning in pre-war China, as well as a Western curriculum. Let us hope that before long Nanyang University will be as flourishing as its established rival.

Business people in Singapore, of all nationalities and both sexes, have mainly adopted the European-style tropical dress ; palm beach, silk and drill suits, shorts, open shirts, cotton frocks, sun-tops, and formal afternoon and evening wear. Yet there is still a generous sprinkling of national costumes to be seen in the streets and outlying villages. The Malay in his batik sarong and round, velvet hat (*songkok*) ; the Chinese with his wide, black silk trousers and starched white coat ; pretty girls in lacy Malay *bajus* (jumper coats) ; Chinese misses in elegant *cheong-sams* (Shanghai dresses pencil slim) ; and the Indian maidens in long *saris*.

Those not possessed of their own motor-cars travel by trolley-bus, taxi and " trisha," the tricycle with side-car which has replaced the coolie-drawn chair. There are also frequent trains from Singapore Grand Terminal Station to the mainland, Kuala Lumpur, Penang and Siam. Malayan Airways, an extensive internal service, covers not only Singapore and the mainland, but Borneo, Sarawak and the whole Archipelago. And, in contrast, there are also thousands upon thousands of bicycles !

At the appropriate seasons of the year there is much evidence of the several forms of worship observed on the island and the tolerance displayed by each race for the other's religion. During Puasa the Malays (Muhammadans) fast by day and drink no liquids, go frequently to the mosque and must not swallow their spittle. The period of penance ends with Hari Raya Puasa, when there is feasting, merry-making and new sarongs and *songkoks* for all. Chinese New Year is a noisy affair with fireworks, illuminated processions, which always include a playful paper dragon, and a million joss sticks are lit in the Temple of Buddha. Thai Pusam, the principal Hindu ceremony as opposed to Puasa, the Muslim, is pagan to Western eyes, and produces fire-walkers, men pulling carts by hooks embedded in their flesh, nail-bed sleepers, fanatical dancers, and other forms of religious fervour. But all these festivals are part of the Colony's daily life and pleasure, enjoyed by Asian Christians, Europeans and participants alike.

THE RECREATION CLUB : Its spacious grounds look on to the sea, where is assembled a great variety of shipping. In Singapore there are facilities for every kind of sport and the Asian population is as keen on games as the European inhabitants.

THE WHITE WATERFRONT : The light stone of the buildings adds to the attractions of the coastline of Singapore. The aerial view *on left* shows buildings behind St. Andrew's Cathedral and the City Hall. Across the water, on the promontory in the left background, is Kallang Airport, where aircraft call from all over the world. *On right*—One of the colony's main thoroughfares runs down to the Supreme Court, with its dome, and the Victoria Memorial Hall, under its clock tower in Empress Place.

Once away from the heart of the city, where shops, banks and commercial houses follow the pattern of a thriving business centre in any town, anywhere, the streets, both wide and narrow, take on infinite diversity. There are those the Malays favour for shopping and food, where you can buy the best sarongs, village crafts, and the air is spicy with curry smells. And, similarly, there are the Chinese and Indian streets, displaying rich silks, jewels, jade, ivory, carved blackwood, and where the aroma of cooking is more pungent. But whatever the street, there is ever present the hawker with his barrow, and how he cries his wares ! Sweetmeats, savouries, gay pottery, toys, frozen fruit drinks and piece goods, enhanced in beauty by night in the thin light of his gas-flare.

There are hawkers, too, who serve only the vast population of the Singapore River, a colony of Chinese nomads who exist by the waterfront and make their homes permanently in sampans large and small. Here everyone shouts at everyone else—stallkeeper at shopper, man at wife, mother at child—for the Chinese cannot converse without loud and friendly argument. The boats are festooned with washing, the babies naked, the river reeks of salt fish and other smells, yet life is less squalid than it appears on the surface, for everyone is happy. Just as they are happy in the great fun fairs of the island, where there is Western-style dancing, the Malay *ronggeng* (traditional shuffle), Chinese and Indian theatres, European and Asian films, pop-corn, ice-cream, slot-machines and cold beer.

Yet how often is this gay, teeming, multi-racial metropolis of traffic jams, Paris-style shops, minarets, skyscrapers, cathedrals, super-cinemas, colleges, hospitals, five-bars, modern hotels, mansions, luxury flats, city slums and tenements, associated with the slums of China ? And how often are visitors from Singapore and Malaya to the United Kingdom and America congratulated on their command of English ? Which comes as something of a shock to the Singaporean in particular, whose

(*Continued on following page*)

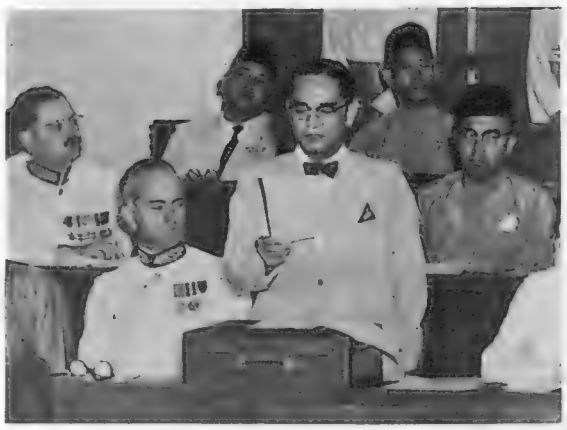
A LIFE-LINE OF TRADE : The river is crammed with vessels which handle merchandise worth millions of dollars every month. Singapore is one of the ten largest seaports in the world and a most important airport. With the Federation of Malaya, the colony did much to close Britain's dollar gap in the years after the war.

THE RICHES OF SINGAPORE

(*Concluded from previous page*)

PAINTING GOOD LUCK : Chinese lantern-makers in Singapore's Chinatown adorn bamboo and paper lanterns with symbols of good fortune. This is a craft which has flourished for centuries, and is handed down from father to son. The lanterns hang in many Chinese homes. Rich silks, jewels, pottery and toys are also sold in the Chinese and Indian streets.

"THE POOR MAN'S TAXI" : The trisha is a common sight in the streets of Singapore. A combination of bicycle with sidecar, it provides a very cheap form of transport. The trisha has replaced the rickshaw in recent years.



MALAYAN MINISTERS : In the Ministerial front row at the new Legislative Council of the Federation of Malaya are seen the Chief Secretary, Mr. D. C. Watherston, and the Minister of Transport, Colonel H. S. Lee, who is speaking.

THE ONLY WOMAN COUNCIL MEMBER : Che' Halimahton Binti Abdul Majid, who is the only woman member of the Malayan Federal Legislative Council, takes the oath at the inaugural meeting in Kuala Lumpur.

THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE NEW MALAYAN FEDERAL LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL : At Kuala Lumpur, the High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray, addresses the Council. Below him sits the Speaker, Raja Uda, and behind the Mace is the Clerk of the Council, Mr. C. A. Fredericks. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, was also present. Now that Malaya is entirely self-governing, it is hoped Singapore will soon enjoy a similar democracy.

family is loyal to Her Majesty the Queen and has spoken English for a century or more (Malaya itself is a British protectorate and the people there are subjects of the rulers—the reigning sultans).

The unhappy visitor from Singapore will try to dispel ignorance of his Colony by telling something of its history, the story of Sir Stamford Raffles, its spectacular and calamitous participation in World War II. He will say that Singapore is one of the ten largest seaports in the world, that its air terminal is second to none, and that, with the Federation of Malaya, the Colony did much to close Britain's dollar gap during the immediate post-war years. The visitor will also point out that, guided by the Colonial Office, Singapore is governed by a democratic, elected Legislative Assembly, composed of representatives of all races living there, Malays, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians and, like Malaya, it shortly hopes to be entirely self-governing. Already it has a nucleus of defence measures in the shape of volunteer army, naval and air force contingents, and regular military and naval forces are being established by recruitment of local men and compulsory National Service. Youth movements are strong, and Scouts, Guides and Boys' Brigades have as great a following as in any country in the world.

The sad story is that Singapore—and Malaya, for that matter, too—are so often falsely painted in fiction and motion picture. The latter, in particular, seems always to screen Singapore from a purely Chinese angle, and an unfavourable one at that, to the complete exclusion of the Malay. Thus, to the uninformed the lovely Colony, modern and prosperous, is the cesspool of the East. Readers and cinemagoers are given every reason to believe that it is full of brothels, opium dens, and dark alleys into which innocent travellers are lured, robbed and despatched to kingdom come! And where white girls are abducted by sinister characters to suffer a "fate worse than death"!

AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS UNDERGO "BRAINWASHING": *Left*—In the "sweatbox," confinement causes temporary paralysis of the muscles, *Right*—In the tight "coffin" the victim is imprisoned flat on its gravel bottom. These pictures come from Stead Air Force base, where U.S. Air Force volunteers undergo "brainwashing" tests of the kind inflicted upon prisoners by totalitarian countries.

A "TORTURE" SCHOOL FOR U.S. AIRMEN

Volunteers Suffer Agonies on a Training Course for Possible Prisoners of War

A horrifying reflection on our times is evidenced by a "survival" training course now being carried out at Fort Stead, the American Air Force base near Reno, in Nevada. Here volunteer airmen submit to the sort of unspeakable treatment which might be their lot should they ever become prisoners-of-war in the hands of Communists or other totalitarians. Indeed, so revolting were the first reports of torture and "brainwashing" techniques inflicted that the Commandant of the station—himself a former prisoner-of-war in Germany—was summoned to Washington for questioning. Afterwards the authorities stated that they were satisfied that the school was properly conducted and that no attempts were made to "degrade or break down" the students.

Nevertheless, the course—lasting seventeen days—is one of the grimmest ever devised by military necessity. For ten days students are sent on a "survival" exercise into the desert of the Sierra Nevada. They have at the most two-and-a-half days rations for the period, and must therefore live off the land. The trainees on return to the camp are assumed to have been captured by the enemy, but are not required to undergo all the "tortures," though all the methods are "demonstrated" by volunteers.

A TRAINING COURSE OF ENDURANCE AGAINST CALCULATED TORTURE: *Left*—In the underground hole the victim spends hours in darkness and up to his shoulders in water. *Right*—A voluntary "captive" undergoes the almost unbearable pain of his body being forced back against his heels from a bended-knee position. The torture programme is supervised by doctors and psychologists, and many of the instructors have experienced life in German, Japanese and Korean prisoner-of-war camps. About 29,000 men are reported to have survived the seventeen days course at Stead base, but only volunteers are subjected to torture interrogation.

COMMANDOS REINFORCE CYPRUS

TO RESTORE ORDER IN CYPRUS: Lorries carrying men of No. 45 Commando, Royal Marines, move through Famagusta. *On left*—Some of the newly-arrived Commandos prepare to leave the quayside. By the beginning of this week 1,500 Commandos—the 45th and 40th, with the H.Q. of the 3rd Commando Brigade—had reached Cyprus to reinforce the 4,000 troops already on the island. The 1st Battalion, Royal Leicestershire Regiment, is also expected to arrive from Khartoum in the near future and take up quarters in the Golden Sands leave camp in Famagusta.

A GOOD ATTENDANCE FOR THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY SHOW : Crowds congregate around the main ring during the cattle parade at the show, which was held at Hartwell Park, Aylesbury. Altogether some 10,000 people came to the show. There were more than 500 entries for the stock classes : entries for the horse and sheep classes exceeding last year's figures. In the horticultural section there was a record number of 800 entries. A Shorthorn cow, Hastoe Winsome, owned by Mr. W. Wilson, of Buckland, won the cup for the supreme champion, cow or heifer.

On left—
FANCY DRESS AT THE COUNTY SHOW : Pauline Gallegos, Juliet Ash and Ann Boothman are seen dressed in Regency style for the pageant, "Hunting Through the Ages," which was organised by the Old Berkeley Pony Club.

The Home News in Pictures

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

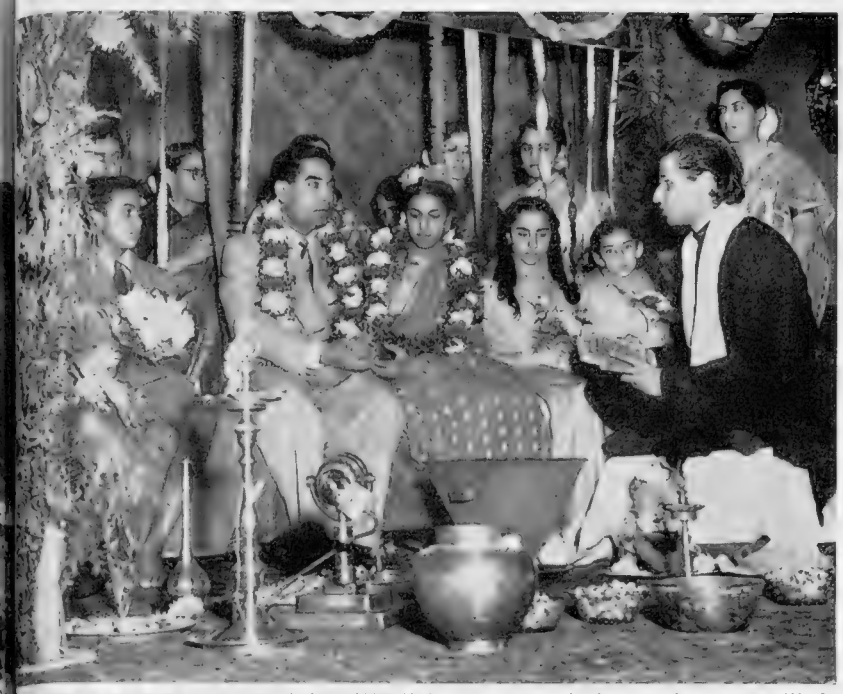
A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A NEW PARISH CHURCH AT BAWDESWELL, IN NORFOLK : The old church was destroyed during the war when a British aeroplane crashed into it. The new building is designed by Mr. J. Fletcher Watson in the classical style. The original plans included a spire, but the Parochial Church Council objected that it would be a danger to low-flying aircraft in the area. A long controversy raged, but finally the Chancellor of the Diocese granted special permission for the church to have its spire.

RESTORATION OF DOVER HOUSE, IN LONDON, IS ALMOST COMPLETE : The Whitehall face of the house, the home of the Scottish Office, where for the past two years extensive repairs and redecorations have been carried out. The Scottish Office are expected to move in once again before the end of the year. This extensive work was made necessary mainly through the poor design of the original building, which is nearly 300 years old. Dry-rot and settlement of the floors made essential a virtually complete internal restoration. Floors and roofs have been strengthened with steel and the ornamental ceilings of the principal rooms have been levelled and repaired. The site was occupied in the late Middle Ages by the Bell Inn, the property of the Abbey of Westminster.

On right—
INTERNAL RESTORATIONS TO DOVER HOUSE : A craftsman puts the final touches to one of the wall plaques.

A.A. SIGNS IN THE HIGHLANDS : An Automobile Association patrolman is seen erecting a sign indicating the distance to the nearest A.A. telephone-box. In two years the number of boxes in Scotland has doubled and signs are being put up in remote areas.



EASTERN CEREMONY AT CHELSEA TOWN HALL : A scene during a picturesque Hindu wedding ceremony between Miss Sarojini Govindasamy Naidoo and Dr. Ramesh Dawar. The bride is aged twenty-three and is the daughter of a London restaurateur. Dr. Dawar is on a post-graduate course in dentistry in this country.

WESTERN CEREMONY AT LAND'S END : Part of the Cornish Gorsedd, where the horn of the Cornish nation is sounded towards the four points of the compass during the ancient ceremony at Merrymaidens, near Land's End. The event was watched by many members of old Cornwall Societies, who carried colourful banners.

A ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE SHIP LEAVES THE THAMES EMBANKMENT FOR A REFIT : H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum* is seen just before passing below Blackfriars Bridge on her way down to Millwall, where she is to be refitted. The *Chrysanthemum* has been moored on the Thames Embankment at Blackfriars since 1939. She was built during the 1914-18 war and started her life as a sloop. The ship will be away one month.

THE PRIME MINISTER WITH THE ARMY : Sir Anthony Eden is shown a 4·2 mortar of a light battery, R.A., on his one-day visit to Colchester. Pointing with his stick is Major-General J. B. Churcher, who commands the 3rd Division.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PROVOST OF INVERNESS IS MARRIED : Miss Avril Wotherspoon is seen after her marriage to Mr. Robert Gordon, a chartered accountant and a former Scottish Rugby International. The wedding was at the Old High Church, Inverness, and was attended by over 300 guests.

A WOMAN OWNER WINS THE ST. LEGER : The filly Meld, ridden by W. H. Carr, comes up to the winning-post at Doncaster, to beat Nucleus (L. Piggott) by three-quarters of a length. Beau Prince (S. Boullenger) was third, three lengths away. The winner, an odds-on favourite, belongs to Lady Zia Wernher. This year was the first occasion a woman owner has led in the winner of the St. Leger since the race was first run at Doncaster in 1776. Meld has been unbeaten as a three-year-old, winning the 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger.

LUXURIOUS MODELS FOR 1956

The New Bentley Continental Range offers Motoring of Superlative Order; More News of Overdrive Units; Revised Rates for Motoring Insurance; and Motor Racing

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WITH the Motor Show less than five weeks away, we have already had news of the 1956 models of one famous *marque*. Unfortunately, it was accompanied by price increases and it looks as if we must resign ourselves to an upward trend in Motor Show prices this year.

The new Bentley Continental range offers motoring of a superlative order. It is even more luxurious than before, for they have adopted for these 120-m.p.h. quality cars the improved chassis evolved for the new Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and "S" Series Bentley. It has improved suspension, the brake capacity has been increased by 15 per cent., and an automatic gear-box is fitted as standard. It is truly a case of gilding the lily. Take the suspension, for instance. The quick-acting control of the rear shock-dampers is so sensitive that if you flick the switch to "hard" when actually crossing a hump-backed bridge, the dampers will come into play quickly enough to prevent bounce.

The Continental is available in three body styles: with sports saloon coachwork by Mulliner or Park Ward, and as a drop-head coupé with a Park Ward body.

The Mulliner version—the rear mudguards of which form fins to help stabilise the car at high speeds—costs £70 more, on basic price, than the model it replaces, but there is no doubt that customers are offered more for their money. The new basic price is £4,960, and when you add purchase tax the total cost is £7,027 15s. 10d. Even so, it is not the most expensive car in the British catalogue! That is a distinction retained by the Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith, with a James Young body. It costs £7,041 19s. 2d.

The new Park Ward drop-head version of the Continental is notable for the fact that the body now weighs only 7½ cwt. That is 4½ cwt. lighter than the model it replaces. The price has gone up by £247 18s. 4d. to a total (including tax) of £6,765 14s. 2d. The Park Ward saloon version costs the same, having had its basic price similarly increased by £175.

Other Motor Show news underlines the growing popularity of overdrive units which, by giving higher cruising ratios, reduce petrol consumption and engine wear and help make motoring quieter.

I hinted in my last notes that the British Motor Corporation and the Ford Motor Company may have decided to use the American Borg-Warner overdrive device in some of their models. Announcements by both organisations have since proved me right. Borg-Warner overdrive will soon be available on Ford Zephyrs and Zodiacs as an optional extra (£60 4s. 2d., including purchase tax); and on the following B.M.C. models: Austin A 90 Westminster, Wolseley 6/90, Riley Pathfinder and Morris Isis.

Details have now been announced of the revised rates for motoring insurance. As from December 1 next there will be an increase in the rates for comprehensive insurance for most categories of cars first registered after January 1, 1947. Note the date. Up to then many cars had separate mudguards and running-boards. Since 1947 there has been a more or less complete swing to full-width bodies, chassis-less construction and integral mudguards. Repairs to this style of car have been found to be much more costly, hence the rise in premiums.

Third party insurance rates are not being increased for either cars or commercial vehicles, though the latter category will be subject to higher premiums on comprehensive policies.

Motorists will get a real inducement to drive carefully by increased discounts on claim-free policies. These no-claim bonuses are to be stepped up to 25 per cent. for the fourth year and to 30 per cent. for the fifth and subsequent years. I was interested to learn that motor-cycles under 200 c.c., including motorised bicycles, will cost less to insure under both comprehensive and third-party policies. Who said motor-cycling was a risky business?

Before leaving the question of insurance what do you think of this suggestion for reducing accidents in a letter to *The Times*? The writer thinks that while third-party insurance should still be compulsory, it should be made illegal for anyone to insure against damage to his own car! "In such circumstances," observes *The Times* correspondent, "if the accident were caused by the 'other fellow,' one would have the right to claim damages against him for one's vehicle; if the accident were due to, or even merely contributed to by, one's own negligence, one would have to foot the bill oneself."

It was good to hear about a brand-new piece of road coming into use in England, even if it was only 1½ miles long! It's a step in the right direction, even if it was only a second carriageway added to what was formerly a single-track road!

This improvement has been made on the Great Cambridge Road from the North Circular Road to Bury Street, Edmonton. It cost £85,000 and the contractors—Fitzpatrick and Son—finished the job four months ahead of schedule.

Well done! We can do with much more of the sense of urgency which inspired Fitzpatrick and Son to finish the work so quickly. It is distressing to think that legal formalities will make it impossible to start work on Britain's first motor road—from London to Doncaster—before late 1956 or early in 1957. And it will take at least two years to finish the first section from St. Albans to Rugby.

Some of the world's finest racing drivers are competing to-day in the R.A.C. International Tourist Trophy Race on the 7½-miles road circuit at Dundrod, near Belfast. This year's T.T. race is a very special one, for it is the fiftieth anniversary of the first T.T. ever held. That race, which took place early in the history of the automobile, was won at 34 m.p.h.

In to-day's race the fastest cars will average more than 90 m.p.h. for nine hours. This year the T.T. is being run on the lines of the Le Mans classic, with a general classification under which the fastest car, of whatever engine capacity, will be the outright winner of the race. There will also be class prizes.

In the class for the biggest cars there is likely to be a terrific battle between Germany's Mercedes-Benz SLR team, Italy's Ferraris and Britain's Aston Martins (which are having an excellent season). The drivers include world champion Juan Fangio and Stirling Moss (Mercedes); Eugenio Castelloti, French champion Maurice Trintignant and Piero Taruffi (Ferraris); Peter Collins, T.T. winner in 1953, and Reg Parnell (Aston Martins); and Mike Hawthorn, who broke the lap record last year (Jaguar).

This is a big year for golden jubilees in motor sport. The other day I went along to Shelsley Walsh, famous test hill near Worcester, where the lively Midland Automobile Club were celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first hill-climb held there.

The fastest time of the day at that historic first Shelsley meeting was recorded by a Daimler in 77 6 secs.—an average speed of about 26 m.p.h. up a hill with gradients of 1 in 6 and some tricky bends. The present record, which stands to the credit of racing driver Ken Wharton, Smethwick garage proprietor, in a 2-litre E.R.A., is 35.8 secs., or 59 m.p.h. for the 1,000-yard climb. It was not beaten at the jubilee meeting, but Ken Wharton had to take second place to Tony Marsh, an up-and-coming young hill-climb expert who looks like running off with the British hill-climb championship this year.

The Rover Company sent along their turbocar, JET 1, the world's first turbine-engined car, in honour of the occasion, and it was accorded the privilege of making the first climb of the day.

In it went Mr. Sam Newsome, president of the Midland Automobile Club (who used to compete regularly at Shelsley) and Mr. Fred Bennett, eighty-one-year-old president of the Veteran Car Club, who competed at the 1905 meeting in a 1903 Cadillac which he took along with him for the anniversary meeting.

The new 2½-litre B.R.M. Formula I racing car, sponsored by millionaire industrialist Alfred Owen, embarked inauspiciously on its racing career at the recent *Daily Telegraph* meeting at Aintree. During its very first appearance in public on a race-track—in practice for the Aintree meeting—it developed some kind of oil leak which caused it to skid while Peter Collins was driving at speed. The car was damaged and there was not enough time to repair it before the race.

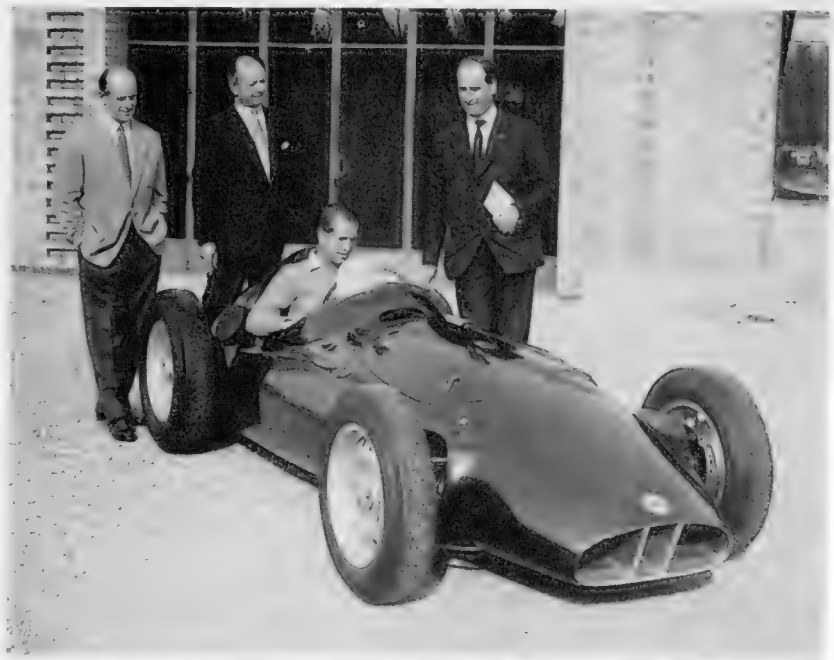
I hope the jinx which dogged the early days of the previous B.R.M. has not been inherited by the latest model. With Mr. Owen in charge, the new car's arrival on the motor-racing scene was heralded with a modesty which amounted almost to diffidence, which is just as well in view of what happened at Aintree.

I wish the B.R.M. well. I don't fancy its chances against Germany's Mercedes-Benz cars or Italy's Ferraris and Lancias, but it may surprise us yet. It is certainly a much simpler car, with only four cylinders and no blower, whereas the earlier B.R.M. was a 16-cylinder supercharged job. There is certainly not so much to go wrong!

Congratulations to Sir Patrick Hennessy and his colleagues at Dagenham on a fine export achievement. Earlier this month the 1,000,000th Ford vehicle built for export since the war was driven off the assembly-line by Mr. A. R. W. Low, Minister of State, Board of Trade. The total value of those 1,000,000 vehicles—cars, vans, trucks and tractors—exceeds £500,000,000. The 1,000,000th vehicle-for-export was a Ford Zodiac saloon allocated to Mr. M. Schriener, of Vancouver, who came over to England to collect it.

Mr. Low said it seemed that this year the motor industry's export earnings might surpass the record level achieved in 1954. Their overseas sales in the last six years averaged six times as many vehicles as in 1938.

In a congratulatory message, Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said in the ten years since the war Britain had become the world's largest exporter of cars.



THE MEN BEHIND THE NEW B.R.M.: Standing beside the new Grand Prix Formula I B.R.M. racing car are, from left: Mr. Peter Berthon, the designer; Mr. Raymond Mays, the man behind the original B.R.M., and Mr. A. G. B. Owen, of the sponsoring firm of Rubery Owen, of Darlaston, Staffordshire. At the wheel is racing driver Peter Collins. *On left*—A rear view showing the position of the exhaust.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF THE NEW BENTLEY CONTINENTAL MODELS: The sports saloon, with coachwork by Mulliner, which costs (including tax) £7,027 15s. 10d., is £70 more than the model it replaces. But, says the Motoring Correspondent, "there is no doubt that customers are offered more for their money."

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A NEW ROAD FOR LONDON: Work in progress along a stretch of the road which is being built from Hammersmith to the Great West Road. The scheme is known as the Cromwell Road Extension and will, when completed, effectively reduce the traffic bottleneck in Hammersmith High Street. Work on this first section which runs from Hammersmith Bridge Road to the border between the London and Middlesex counties, is costing £750,000, but the complete scheme linking up with the Great West Road will have cost some £2,000,000 when completed. It is hoped that work on the last section will start later this year. Plans for the road were first laid down by the London and Middlesex County Councils in 1936 and a short section was opened in 1942. Resumption of work after the war was delayed by economic considerations.

A NEW LINK WITH THE GREAT WEST ROAD

After Much Delay, Work on the Cromwell Road Extension has been Restarted

AYING DOWN THE UNDER-SURFACE OF THE NEW ROAD: Work was restarted on the first section in April. The road will have a dual carriageway and will benefit traffic for London Airport, as well as that proceeding further west.

LOOKING ALONG PART OF THE NEW ROAD: In the background is St. Peter's Church, which will not be affected by the road. *On left*—Making way for a new main road. Some of the houses which are due to be pulled down for the Cromwell Road Extension.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A Swiss Looks at France

An Analysis of Post-War France by Dr. Herbert Lüthy; A Background to the Himalaya; "North African Journey"; and other New Publications

FEW people will disagree with the summing-up of THE STATE OF FRANCE (Secker and Warburg. 35s.), by Herbert Lüthy, which says that "the writing of contemporary history is among the hardest of literary tasks, and the number of completely successful books in this *genre* is small." France has often been compared with a woman, and is as difficult or as easy to understand according to the way you look at her. At any rate, the man who said that France needs a new Government as often as a woman needs a new hat may not have been far wide of the mark.

Dr. Lüthy is a Swiss historian who, in this book, has made a scholarly, comprehensive and penetrating analysis of post-war France, her internal and external weaknesses out of which, paradoxically, arises her strength. He finds in France not only the key to European recovery, but a *force majeure* in the uneasy whirlpool of international politics. Here is the most stubbornly conservative of all nations, yet at least one-quarter of the population persistently vote Communist. She is a rich country, whose backbone is the *petit bourgeoisie* and the peasant with gold buried under the apple-tree and hard currency tucked away in a sock.

"France is an old country," says Dr. Lüthy, "whose lawyers have long since made legal provision for almost every conceivable contingency, and, when the legislative machine, i.e., Parliament, ceases to function, some more or less appropriate passage can generally be found in ancient legislation which can be more or less artificially interpreted to meet the new circumstances without troubling the legislators." This powerful and flexible bureaucracy, created under the ancient monarchy, has survived revolutions, dictators and conquerors. It is Dr. Lüthy's belief that it will survive the atomic age.

"GRANDMA MOSES" IS NINETY-FIVE: Mrs. Anna M. R. Moses is seen working on one of her landscapes at her home in Eagle Bridge, near Albany, N.Y. She began painting seriously at the age of seventy-six, and since then has devoted her life to her art. After some of her paintings had been displayed in the window of a drugstore, her first big show was held at the Galerie St. Etienne in New York in 1940.

Wonderful books have been written about mountain-climbing, and some of the greatest are also the most recent, such as Wilfred Noyce's unforgettable *South Col* and Sir John Hunt's classic *Ascent of Everest*. Now comes a book which was needed, and which will be indispensable as a background and a work of reference to all the histories of the attempts on the Himalayas. It is a history of Himalayan exploration and mountaineering by Professor Kenneth Mason, who for twenty-five years was in the Survey of India, mostly in Northern India and in the Himalaya, was Professor of Geography at Oxford for twenty-one years, editor of the *Himalayan Journal* for fourteen, has been a Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, and was on the Mount Everest Committee for six years. In other words, a great expert and, luckily for his readers, one who can convey his vast knowledge of the subject in orderly sequences and lucid terms.

ABODE OF SNOW (Hart-Davis. 25s.) begins with a general description of the Himalaya, "the greatest physical feature of the earth," and its different zones and weather, as a clarification before the study of its history of exploration, which can be said to begin about 325 B.C., when the first knowledge of the immense ranges came to Europe through Alexander's invasion of India. The earliest map to have some resemblance to the truth was drawn by a Spanish Jesuit on a mission to the Court of Akbar in 1579. From that time to the opening of the nineteenth century maps and surveys were few and inadequate, but the first fifty years of that century saw a great change, and its close saw Younghusband, Montgomerie and Godwin-Austen, who were great explorers and also great surveyors.

Professor Mason writes of the Himalaya in the different phases of their exploration, and has ended his fine book with an account of the ascent of Everest in 1954, and an estimate of the future as an epilogue. Long as the book is, I found it absorbing, and have nothing but praise for its clarity, the enormous scope of its information, the excellence of its index and appendices and, of course, the photographs

NORTH AFRICAN JOURNEY (Robert Hale. 18s.) is one of Mr. Bernard Newman's travel documentaries, in which he describes his travels in a specified region, comments on its physical features, but reserves his chief enthusiasm for studies of the people he meets, talks to, listens to and enjoys. For Mr. Newman has one of the greatest assets a traveller can possess, and that is curiosity. He is endlessly diverted and amazed by the people he comes across, and so full are his recorded conversations that he must be an inspired interviewer, capable of drawing them out, making them articulate and communicating his own alertness to them. From such of his books as this it is also easy to deduce that he is enormously energetic, a man who can cheerfully do without many of the creature comforts, and one who is a born observer and reporter.

The field of his most recent journey was the three countries of French North Africa: Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, and that, incidentally, illustrates another facet of Mr. Newman's talent—his topicality. The result is extremely readable, not particularly profound, but a good and lively guide to a fascinating, complex blend of nationalities and civilisations.

Camara Laye is a young Negro from French Guinea, who wrote the story of his African childhood during the years he worked in a motor-car factory in the suburbs of Paris. A boy of great intellectual promise, he had attended a technical school in his own country and went to France to study engineering. When his money ran out he found work in this huge motor manufacturing organisation, his loneliness and unhappiness turned him increasingly to thoughts of the happiness and security of his own childhood and he began to write of it in the evenings. THE DARK CHILD (Collins. 12s. 6d.) has been translated from the French by Mr. James Kirkup with a sympathy retaining the simplicity and the almost poetic cadences of the original. A book of real enchantment, written with love and with a touching dignity.

In his brief and entertaining book, SEVEN EDITORS (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Harold Herd writes of figures who, from the eighteenth century onwards, were remarkable for a number of unconventional reasons, and either embellished the profession of journalism or added to its list of eccentrics. Mr. Eustace Budgell, for instance, can be said to have been the inventor of the digest magazine, but, poor fellow, he came to a bad end and drowned himself. Dr. John Hill was the first columnist, and also wrote more than seventy books on diverse subjects, including *Cautions Against the Immoderate Use of Snuff*; William Hone, friend of Lamb and Dickens and Cruikshank, was the irresponsible protagonist in three trials; Albany Fonblanque (splendid name) was the witty and distinguished editor of *The Examiner*; and James Gordon Bennett, the father of sensational journalism, was said by a compatriot to have "made the newspaper powerful, but made it odious." A book of curiosities, lovingly collected by someone who knows his "Grub Street" and enjoys the picturesque.

THE BISHOP'S BONFIRE (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Sean O'Casey's latest play and was produced in Dublin this spring with a most distinguished cast and direction. It is set in rural Ireland, and is concerned, at least partly, with the visit of a bishop to the little town where he was born, and with the preparations made in his honour. It is also, for this is a play of the real O'Casey vintage, concerned with youth and age, courage and imagination, immigration and "the strange fog of unreality which seems at the moment to have penetrated every corner of Ireland's national consciousness."

Mr. Blackie Audett is an American gangster who has specialised in bank robberies at the point of a gun, who has broken out of numerous prisons, including the dreaded Leavenworth, who once toted a gun for Al Capone and afterwards met him in the laundry of Alcatraz, and who, according to the publishers, "told this story of his life to a tape recorder." RAP SHEET (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is full of criminal argot and the illiterate sentences one would expect, but large portions of it read like the outpourings of a star crime reporter. Which, no doubt, is right on both counts. Well, we are told that crime pays in the movies and we have seen it pay on the stage. This is the kind of book which may have a large sale. The only thing it seems to prove is the falsity of that social bromide that "crime never pays."

Mr. Robert Greenwood is a Yorkshireman and, like other writers from Yorkshire, is romantic, sentimental, tough and dedicated to the proposition that east, west, Yorkshire's best, and, demonstrably, the only place where a Yorkshireman, wander he never so far, can finally achieve that greatest good, peace of mind. In his new novel it is a Yorkshirewoman who is the central figure: a prototype of the good-hearted easy-going girl who is more cleverly sinned against than sinning. She has great good looks and an amiable disposition, with an overlay of rather inept shrewdness, which, in practice, usually operates against her. In other words, a real creation and quite a likeable one.

O MISTRESS MINE (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. is a good, plumcake-y novel of rich texture, full of odd characters who are on the side of the angels, rather than on the make, and some others who are compounded of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Between them they work out a long and anticlimatic career for Rosie which might well have happened just like that. The story is immensely readable, never too far distant from experience or hearsay, and the work of a practised novelist.

Alcoholic Misery

The Story of a Cure

Patrick Riddell, Ulsterman, Civil Servant and successful writer of scripts for broadcasting, throws literary restraint to the winds in telling us fully and with dismal emphasis of the years when he was an habitual drunkard before his near-miraculous 48-hour cure by apomorphine injections. I WAS AN ALCOHOLIC (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is not a pleasant book; it is not meant to be. It is meant to be a dreadful warning to all who follow Patrick Riddell's wayward, wavering path, and a guide to those who would seek a certain cure for what is now properly acknowledged to be a disease. Mr. Riddell's book, with all its wearisome detail regarding tots consumed, infidelities perpetrated, and bad faith towards friends, is a depressing piece of work; but it is a product of moral courage, and it may well be that it will serve its purpose. The reader will find Mr. Riddell distinctly humourless. He is not content for a moment to turn aside from his theme; he is far too busy lashing himself for all that is past. He is willing to abase himself in print, but he seems to have no sense of the ridiculousness of the whole business, only the tragedy. He is completely serious, and one could wish that he had something of the De Quincey genius to match his sombre mood. Mr. Riddell does make most effectively the point that the general view of alcoholism is rooted in ignorance, prejudice and stupidity, and he drives it home relentlessly in this desperate tract for the times.

An anthologist who can set the seal of his own high purpose upon a volume must be something of an artist. Arthur Stanley did it nearly a quarter of a century ago in *The Bedside Book*, which Hugh Walpole declared was "the best anthology ever made by man." Now, one may hazard, Mr. Stanley has scored another success. THE NEW BEDSIDE BOOK: PEACE AT THE CLOSE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a noble achievement. It gives us a view of the whole of life, a backward view from the standpoint of old age, a distant view of childhood, and more than a passing glance at the variety of pleasures in an active and contemplative life. Perhaps the clue to all this richness lies in the anthologist's ability to search out in prose and poetry those themes which reflect the true glories of the world, and the wonders of the everyday scene that make seventy summers all too short a span. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Stanley has succeeded.

When the history of the '30's, '40's and '50's comes into historic perspective it may be that this will be written down as an age of persecution and intolerance. Already the evidence is mountainous, and it is to be found upon every continent. The latest volume to be added to the grim record is the THE DELIVERANCE OF SISTER CECILIA (Longmans. 12s. 6d.). Here William Brinkley traces the story of the heroic teacher nun who in 1951, when the Czech police came to arrest her, put on lay clothes, walked past them and went into hiding. She was a hunted fugitive for a year before getting across the Morava River into Austria, thence into Germany and, finally, to America. This is a remarkable and affecting story, written with zest. Near the end of her flight, Sister Cecilia enters a Silesian monastery. "In the chapel," she says, "I give St. Joseph a short thanks for bringing us this far, but save my big thanks until he finishes the job." You will like Sister Cecilia. She brims with vitality and good humour through all her ordeals.

James Mathers started his legal practice in 1896, not long after the first Federal Courts had been set up in the wild Oklahoma territory, and over a decade before Oklahoma attained statehood. In FROM GUN TO GAVEL (Souvenir Press. 15s.), Marshall Houtts tells the story of this remarkable career, for the most part in Jim Mathers's own words, and recounts many of the rich and rare cases in which he took part—murder, bigamy, tax evasion and, indeed, the whole bag of tricks which one would associate with a land which only a few years before had been the happy hunting-ground of the James boys, the Daltons, the Doolins, the Youngers, and of Belle and Henry Starr. Mr. Mathers is now an octogenarian. He can look back with pride and satisfaction on a life spent in helping to bring law and order to what was once an outlaw's paradise, but as he says in his concluding chapter, "We aren't going to rest on our oars. I'm beginning to appreciate what Mr. Justice Holmes had in mind when he said: 'Oh to be eighty again.'"

Nostalgic memories of life in China in the '20's and '30's make MY BOY CHANG (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) a delightful book. Hope Danby brings her narrative up to the Japanese occupation, when she found refuge in the British Embassy, before bidding good-bye to the Chinese way of life she had learnt to love so well. Mrs. Danby tells a host of good anecdotes, not least about the funeral of Sun Yat Sen, when the bands played "Annie Laurie" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Rupert Furneaux's MYTH AND MYSTERY (Allan Wingate. 15s.) is a brief but intriguing volume in which the author examines some of the more obstinately persistent legends, the Flood, the Exodus from Egypt, the legend of King Arthur and the mysteries of Easter Island, not excluding a short treatise on the possible origins of flying saucers.

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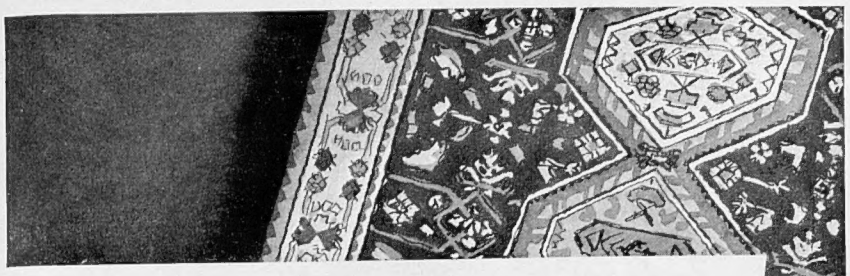

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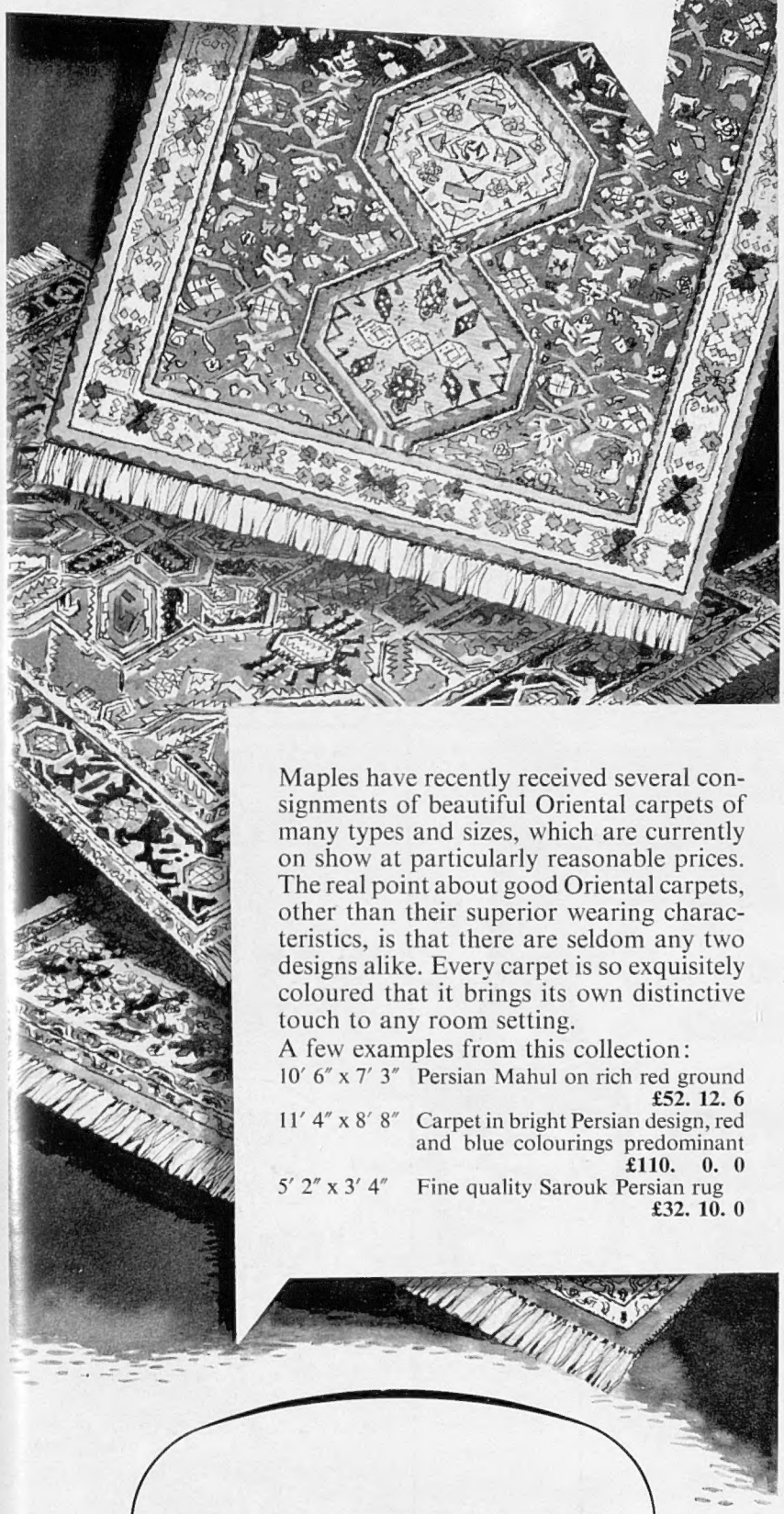

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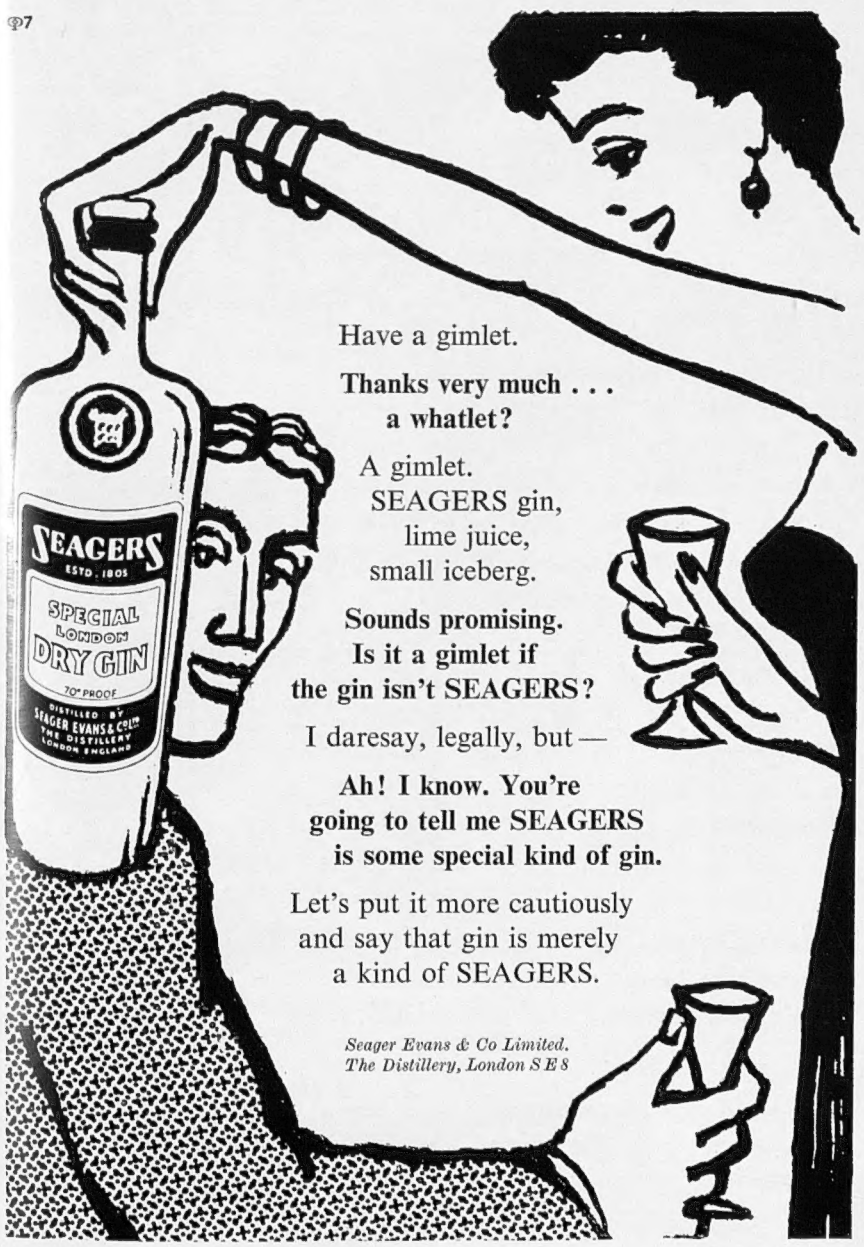

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Born in 1645 and placed in the house of King Charles II at an early age, he became a Page of Honour at 17, Groom of the Bedchamber at 27, and Master of the Robes six years later. Besides this, he sat in Parliament for Helston from 1668-1679 and for St. Mawes from 1679-1681.

He took part in the 1678 Nimeguen Peace negotiations in Holland and a year later was made a Lord of the Treasury.

In James II's reign, Lord Godolphin sided with Sunderland against the King, but remained in the King's service first as Secretary of State and later as Keeper of Cranborne Chase in Windsor Great Park, until William III's accession in 1689. He was then re-appointed a Treasury Commissioner, being head of the commission from 1690-1696.

With the accession of Queen Anne, he became Lord High Treasurer and headed the Government for the next eight years, being active in promoting Union with Scotland. In 1706, he was appointed a member of the commission for settling the terms of the Union.

His only son Francis married Henrietta Churchill daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough in 1698.

The Blazon of his Arms is 'Gules a Double headed Eagle displayed between three Fleur-de-Lis Argent' and for a crest 'On a wreath of the colours a Dolphin Sable'. The supporters of his arms were two Eagles Reguardant Argent, and the motto 'FRANC HA LEAL ETO GE' which is the Cornish for 'Free and Loyal art thou'.

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